

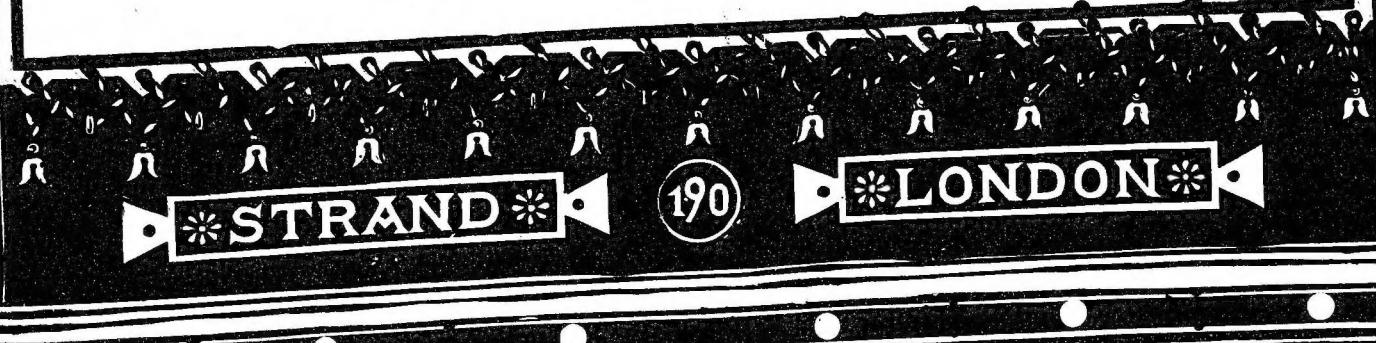
EDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,004

FEBRUARY 23, 1889



THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



PRICE NINEPENCE

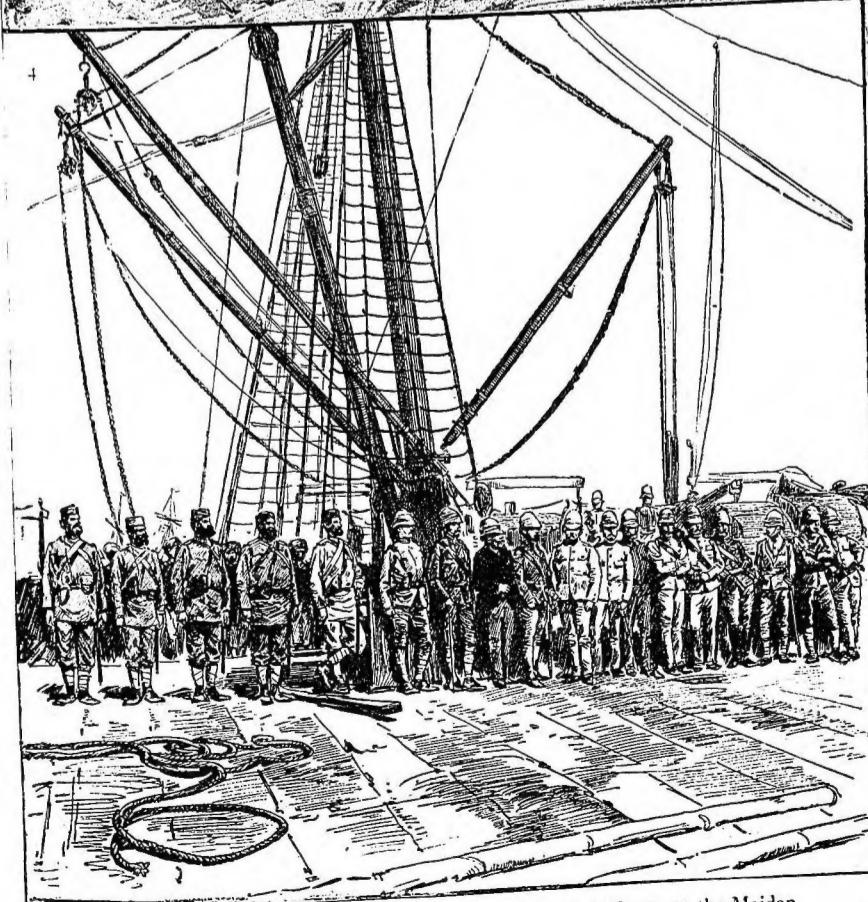
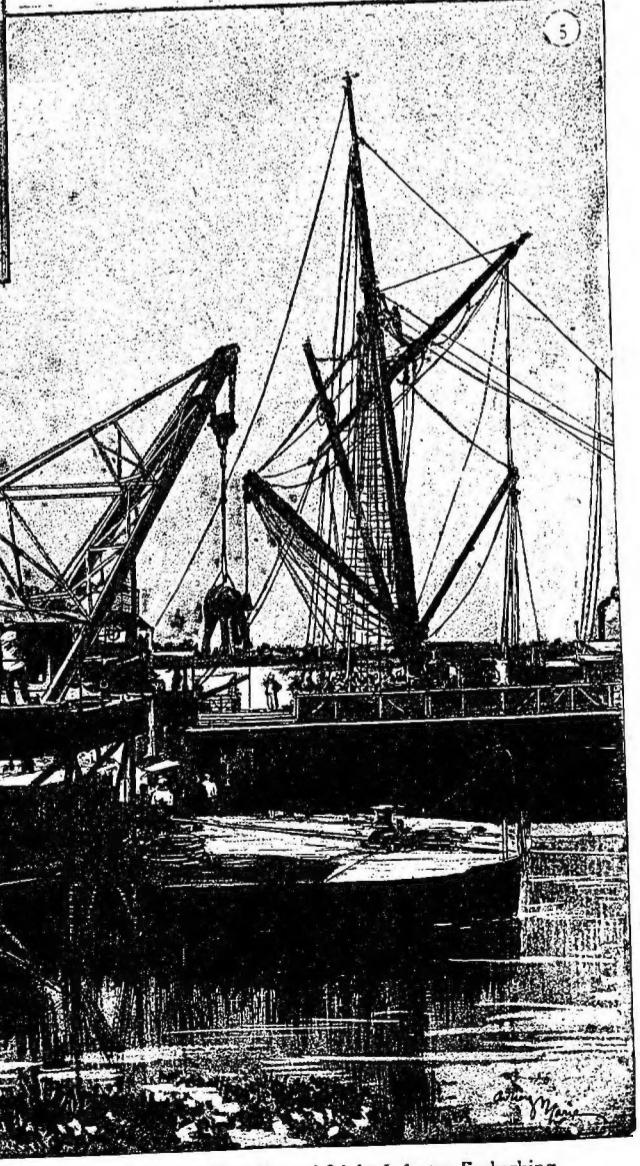
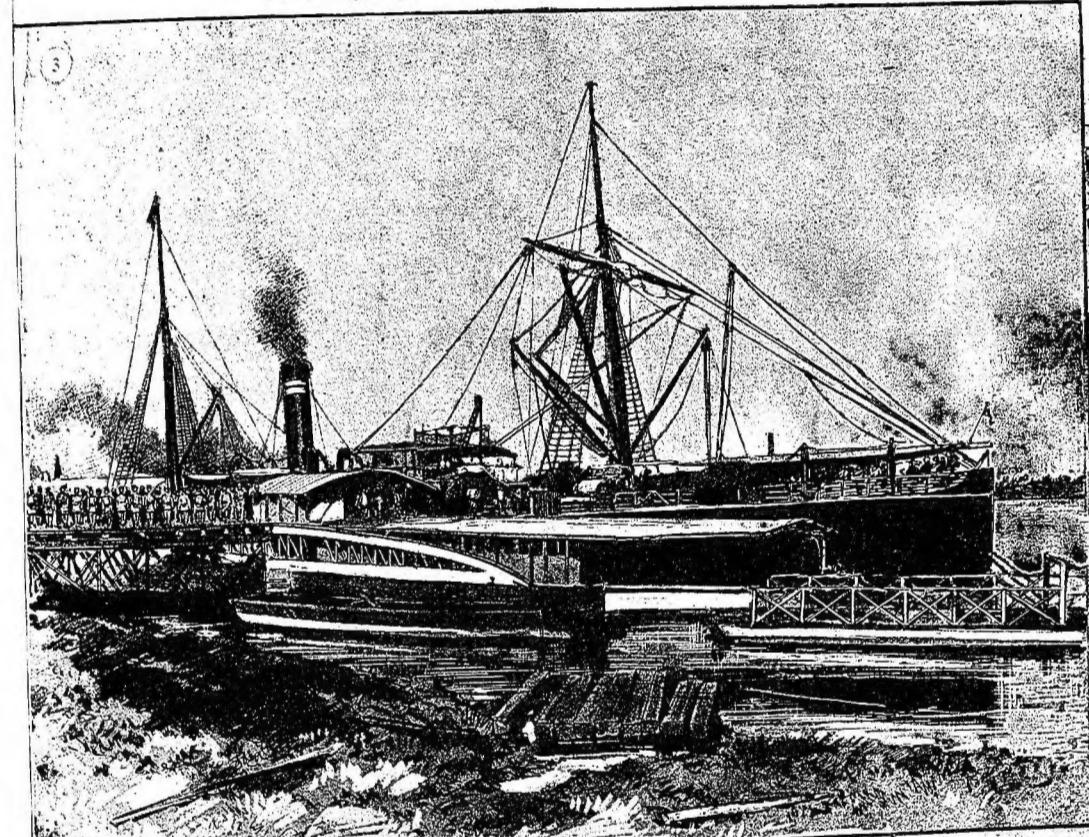
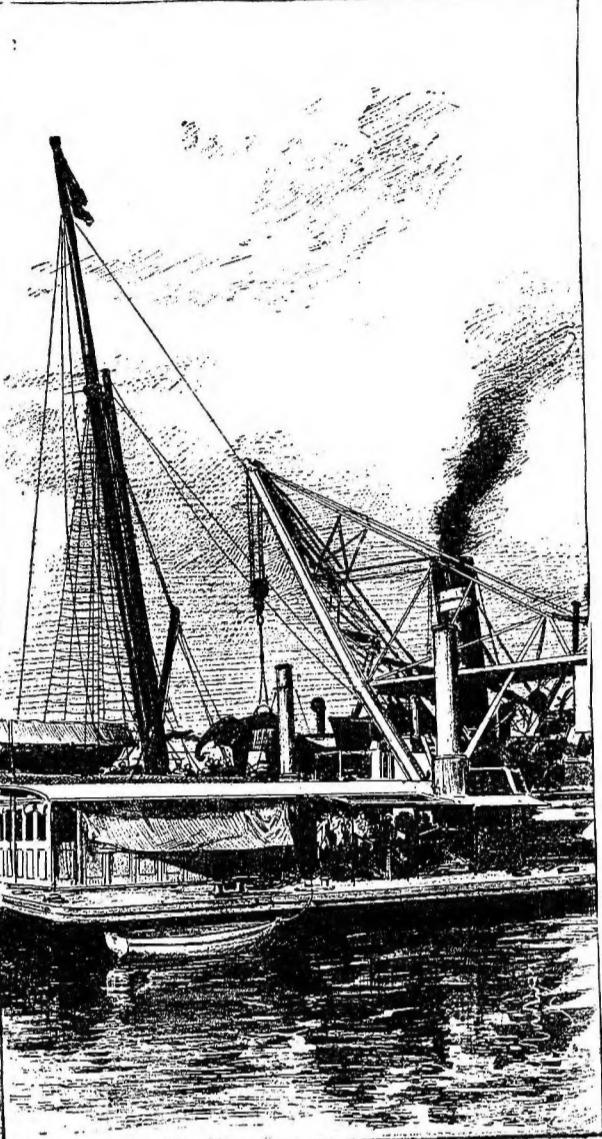
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No 1,004.—VOL. XXXIX. ÉDITION DE LUXE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1889

ENLARGED TO PRICE NINEPENCE
TWO SHEETS [By Post Ninepence Halfpenny]



1. Second Queen's Own Bengal Light Infantry at their Camp on the Maidan
2 and 5. Slinging Elephants on Board the British India Steam Navigation Company's Steamer *Simla*

3. Second Queen's Own Bengal Light Infantry Embarking

4. British and Native Officers of the Expedition

DEPARTURE OF THE LOOSHAI EXPEDITIONARY FIELD FORCE FROM THE GOVERNMENT DOCKYARD, CALCUTTA, FOR CHITTAGONG

Topics of the Week

WORK AND TALK IN PARLIAMENT.—France is very tired of the Parliamentary system, and something of the same feeling is beginning to take possession of the minds of Englishmen. Many people are rather sorry when the time comes for the filling of the newspapers with the vapid speeches of loquacious legislators. It used to be thought that the function of Parliament was to get through, within a reasonable period, a certain quantity of solid work. Occasionally, of course, there were bitter party fights, but they were soon over, and then business received due attention. Now the House of Commons takes to serious business only when the Session is nearly at an end; the rest of the time is wasted in idle wrangling which, however amusing to those engaged in it, is far from amusing to the community generally. In what has become the ordinary course of events we may at present look forward to a long and tedious series of discussions in connection with the Address. Might not the Government do something to stem the anticipated flood of talk? Why should they not let it be known that in their opinion a given time is sufficient for these preliminary debates, and use all the lawful power possessed by the majority to keep Obstruction within tolerable limits? They would certainly have the sympathy of most people out of doors in a vigorous attempt to restore to Parliament something of the energy and practical usefulness it has lately lost. One of the foremost subjects of discussion during the Session will be the development of our system of national defence. No subject could be more important; and it is right that before any large scheme is adopted the proposals of the Government should be thoroughly sifted. But the question can be adequately considered only if the majority persistently discourage the noisy minority who talk merely for talking's sake, or in order to throw unnecessary difficulties in the way of their opponents.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.—In the Dominion Parliament, last Tuesday, Sir Richard Cartwright proposed that Canada should be permitted to negotiate commercial arrangements with the United States directly through the Governor-General and the Privy Council for Canada, without the interference of the British Minister at Washington. As no division was expected, fifty-four members were absent from the House. We do not know how these absentees would have voted; but it is significant that, out of a House of a hundred and sixty members, no less than sixty-six voted for Sir Richard's proposal. It is also significant that at the same time a resolution has been introduced into the American House of Representatives authorising the expenditure of a sum of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the purpose of entertaining the Members of the Canadian Parliament and the chief officials of the Dominion as the guests of the American people. If Sir Richard Cartwright's proposal means anything, it means complete independence. Like the other self-governing colonies of the British Empire, the Dominion of Canada is already virtually independent in all respects save one. It cannot make treaties with foreign Powers without the consent of the Imperial Government; but if this veto were to be withdrawn, the bond of union between the Mother Country and its offspring across the Atlantic would be one of a purely nominal character. At the same time, it must be admitted that there is some reason in the contention of the Canadian malcontents. In spite of official civilities and individual friendships, the Great Republic of the West has no love for the British Empire. In accordance with Monroe-doctrine traditions, its citizens deplore the fact that the British flag should wave over such a large portion of the American Continent, and this sentiment, coupled with a desire to gratify Irish-American prejudices, without doubt helped to prevent the ratification of the Fisheries Treaty. Therefore, some Canadians believe that they would be better off if they were relieved from the unwelcome patronage and protection of the Old Country. Our statesmen should ponder these considerations seriously, for they will assuredly present themselves in a more threatening form whenever Sir John Macdonald ceases to direct the policy of the Canadian Confederation.

THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY.—A good many people will have been surprised to see in the papers that the edict of disarmament against the Hon. Artillery Company still holds good. It was generally assumed that the war-hatchet had been buried in this most unhappy dispute. There were probably faults on both sides—a certain intractableness, which would not recognise the expediency of compromise, showed itself from the very first. But it is very hard that the accused, while denied the only tribunal capable of whitewashing their characters, should be punished just as if the charge had been made out. It inflicts a terrible stigma on any military body to be publicly pronounced unfit to bear arms. Nor is there the shadow of excuse for this harsh treatment. Even the most virulent detractors of the Company have not suggested that the safety of London would be endangered by restoring their arms. One might really imagine that the military authorities had discovered a

regimental plot to sack the Bank of England or carry off the regalia from the Tower. Mr. Stanhope probably takes his ideas from the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke from his Grace of Portland, and that territorial magnate from Colonel Borton, who, being a bit of a martinet, was never able to sympathise with the exceptional regulations and ancient privileges on which the civic artillerymen set such great store. Now, however, that the quarrel has burnt out to the last cinder, the sooner the corps is placed in its former position the better. There is a look of petty spite in continuing to humiliate the members by keeping their rifles in store, while the men are daily drilling to preserve, as far as they can, their military efficiency.

FRENCH REPUBLICANS AND GENERAL BOULANGER.—There is something slightly ludicrous in the anxiety of the French to reap the expected profits of the forthcoming Exhibition before setting to work on a Revolution. This was scarcely the spirit in which the Revolution of a hundred years ago was effected, and it is hard to believe that a people who are under the influence of so very "canny" a motive are in the mood for any very startling transformation. In the mean time the Republicans are certainly doing their utmost to make serious changes inevitable. It might have been thought that in the peculiar circumstances of the country all sections of the party would have been only too glad to prevent, if possible, the outbreak of new troubles. The Moderates, however, helped to turn M. Floquet out of office, and now the Radicals are apparently more resolved than ever to insist upon the acceptance of their own peculiar dogmas, although they are well aware that these dogmas do not command the assent of anything like a majority of the French people. General Boulanger has good reason to congratulate himself on the temper of his opponents. United, they could probably thwart his ambition without much difficulty, for he seems to have few of the qualities that are necessary to the making of a great ruler. Contending with one another, as they do now, and as they have done during many a year, they simply prepare the way for his triumph. What France appears to want is, not the rule of General Boulanger or of any other Pretender, but a stable system of Government—a system which shall secure something like coherence and thoroughness in the ordinary administration of national affairs. She turns to General Boulanger for this merely because no one else seems capable of giving it to her. The present Constitution has been tried, and found wanting; it is not suited to French needs and ideas. The Executive in France should be at least as independent of the Legislature as the American President is independent of Congress.

KENMARE v. HAWARDEN.—When the volatile Lord Rosebery quitted his new sweetheart, the London County Council, for the more congenial atmosphere of the Edinburgh Corn Exchange, a letter was read from Mr. Gladstone which plainly indicates that the genial old gentleman, while basking under the blue Italian sky, had never heard a word of the worries in which his son, William Henry, has been involved at Hawarden. For Mr. Gladstone the younger has been going on very much as the typical Irish landlord used to go on, that is to say, having certain tenants who were hopelessly in arrear with their rents, and out of whom no money could be got, he caused them to be summarily evicted. Nor had their rents been lowered as a compensation for the agricultural depression, for, as Mr. W. H. Gladstone has naively stated, it was useless to lessen the rents of tenants from whom nothing could be extracted. As, moreover, the houses and farm-buildings of these tenants were in a very dilapidated condition, the parallel with similar occurrences in Irish rural life is almost complete. Yet not altogether complete. At the Hawarden evictions there were present no amateur sympathisers with dislodged tenants, inciting them to barricade their doors, and pour hot pitch and boiling water on the bailiffs. Would Mr. Gladstone the elder have preferred this agreeable addition to the melancholy scene? It seems as if he would, because in the letter above referred to he violently denounces the conduct of the Government for imprisoning certain Irishmen who by word and writing have encouraged similar lawlessness. If such conduct is justifiable on the Kenmare estate, why not on the Hawarden estate? But, as Edmund Burke said, there is such a thing as geographical morality, and that which is heroic in Kerry may, perhaps, be dastardly in Flintshire.

HOTEL BOILERS.—The terrible tragedy at Hartford will give a quake to patrons of monster hotels. Everything seems so well arranged at these places, and works with such mechanical smoothness, that visitors feel quite comfortable about their personal safety. Even if a conflagration were to occur, there are too many extinguishing contrivances, and the ways of escape are too numerous, to allow room for nervousness. Great, therefore, will be the shock to learn that down in the basement of these grand caravanserais exists what is, practically, a mine that may explode at any moment, and send the whole edifice up into the sky. Only the boiler; that is all. But a boiler which, in addition to the ordinary functions of that contrivance, supplies hot air for a vast building, needs to be of exceptional size, and the larger it is the more terrific the shattering force, should the steam burst through the metal. It may be doubted, indeed, whether a hundred

pounds of dynamite would have worked so much harm to the Park Central Hotel as was done by the collapse of the boiler. The main lesson to be derived from this catastrophe is that the safety of big hotels from such explosions should not be allowed to depend on those variable factors, human care and sobriety. There ought to be such automatic arrangements as would prevent a deluge of cold water being suddenly poured into a super-heated boiler. We should imagine that mechanical ingenuity would be equal to accomplishing that much, and also to safeguarding boilers from becoming overheated at any time. Few householders properly appreciate the danger they are in through having hot and cold water laid on to every floor. It is convenient, but always more or less perilous, as witness the number of boiler explosions which take place in London annually.

M. TISZA'S TROUBLES.—For the sake of Hungary herself, it is to be hoped that M. Tisza will not be compelled to place his resignation in the hands of the King. He has held the office of Prime Minister for fourteen years, and although, in the course of that long period, he has necessarily committed mistakes, his career has been in the highest degree honourable to himself, and useful to his country. It is much to be regretted that in one of the provisions of his Army Bill—the proposal that the German language should be used in the examination for commissions—he should have offended the patriotic sentiment of his countrymen. He has undertaken that no more knowledge of German shall be required than is considered absolutely necessary; and it is certainly wise to refrain as far as possible from wounding the susceptibilities of a people who have always been remarkably proud of their own speech. As for the provision that one-year Volunteers who fail in their examinations shall be compelled to serve for another year, that is a matter in which the mass of the people take little real interest, since illiterate persons never join the Army as one-year Volunteers. M. Tisza deserves much credit for the dignity with which he has acted in a time of serious difficulty, and we may hope that by mingled firmness and moderation he will succeed in retaining the confidence of his Liberal supporters, and in thwarting the schemes of extreme Radicals and equally extreme Conservatives. It is satisfactory that, notwithstanding the bitterness of recent disputes, no voice has been raised in Hungary against the King. This is due not only to the sympathy excited by the tragic death of the Crown Prince, but to the cordial recognition by the Hungarians of all that they owe to the wisdom of their Sovereign. During his lifetime there may be important Ministerial changes in Hungary, but there will be no attempt at Revolution.

CHURCH-GOING AND GAMBLING AT MONTE CARLO.—The Bishop of Gibraltar and his clergy seem to have made rather an unnecessary fuss over the question of appointing a chaplain at this beautiful but lax-moraled pleasure-resort. Certainly it would be carrying complaisance to a ludicrous extent if they were to accept pecuniary aid from the keepers of the gaming-tables. But why should much money be wanted? It is a weakness of the Anglican Church that its enterprises so often require comfortable salaries and a large expenditure in bricks and mortar. Let it find for Monte Carlo a man of genuine earnestness and piety, and he will get an excellent congregation (and a weekly collection sufficient to defray expenses) in any fairly spacious hotel-salon. Nor need the Chaplain be always preaching against the particular industry for which the Principality of Monaco is famous. Why don't the Bishops begin by preaching against gambling in England? The gambling which goes on under their episcopal noses in stocks and shares (bogus or otherwise) is really far more pernicious than the gambling of the race-course or the roulette-table. And, as a passion for gambling seems inherent in some natures, it is a moot point whether it is not preferable to have public establishments of the Monte Carlo order, where everything is open and above-board, than secret "hells," full of trickery and dishonesty.

THE NATIONAL VICE.—In accordance with his annual custom, Dr. Dawson Burns presents the nation with a little bill, showing the total outlay during last year on stimulants. When looked at in the aggregate, the figure is undoubtedly a big one, nor can one derive much comfort from the fact that, when divided among the whole population, the average is only 3*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*. a head. As Dr. Burns shows, averaging is entirely fallacious in this instance. Probably not more than one half of the population consumes intoxicants, and if that be so, the figure for the other moiety would be 6*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*. per head, or nearly 2*s*. 8*d*. per week. All will agree that this is far too large an expenditure on what, in most cases, is an entirely unnecessary indulgence. There are, nevertheless, some small crumbs of comfort in these depressing statistics. Until quite recent years, the Drink Bill has always fluctuated in exact harmony with the oscillations of trading prosperity. The more people earned, the more they spent on beer and spirits. Now, however, an agreeable change becomes apparent. The recovery in trade which went on almost without interruption last year did not, it is clear, bring with it a correspondingly increased demand for stimulants. Making allowance for the growth of population, consumption slightly diminished as compared both with 1887 and 1886. It would seem reasonable to assume, therefore,

that the nation is slowly weaning itself of the evil habit, begotten of tradition, of harnessing prosperity and drink in a currie, for a merry drive to ruin. This is some gain, at all events; and now that a beginning of reformation has been made, perhaps that highly desirable process may continue until England purges herself of the character of being the hardest drinking and most improvident country in Christendom.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY ENLARGED.—The first impulse of most people is to condemn any proposal for the enlargement of Westminster Abbey. No one, however, who has read Dean Bradley's admirable letter on the subject can doubt that some such proposal has become necessary. By its graves and monuments the Abbey connects the present generation of Englishmen with the remote past, and it would be deplorable if this great stream of human interest were to be suddenly stopped. England is the only country in the world which possesses such a resting-place for the illustrious dead, and she will not readily deprive herself of a privilege that appeals so strongly to all that is best in her imagination and feeling. But, if we refrain from adding to the existing structure, we shall soon have no alternative but to abandon the custom around which so many fine associations have gathered. Almost all the available space in the Abbey is already occupied, and it is with the utmost difficulty that room is found for any new grave or monument. There are some objections in detail to the plan which is to be submitted to Parliament during the present Session; but, in its main outlines, it has the cordial approval of Dean Bradley, and the opinion of one who has such good reason to consider the matter with anxious care will very properly have considerable influence on the judgment of the public. It may be assumed that, before definite steps are taken, the matter will be submitted to the highest authorities on questions relating to Ecclesiastical Art. If this is done, why should we hesitate to extend the Abbey by erecting a Monumental Chapel? In like circumstances that is what would have been done, as a matter of course, by earlier and less self-conscious generations. It is to be hoped that, if the chapel is built, it will not be too often used. The present difficulty would not have arisen for many a day had burial in Westminster Abbey been always reserved only for those who had rendered services of the highest order to the nation and to mankind.

SMOKING OMNIBUSES.—Chief Commissioner Monro has just perpetrated an act of tyranny. He has informed an enterprising firm who wished to start a line of smoking omnibuses that "his powers extend to withholding a licence to an omnibus intended for smoking." Bravo, Commissioner Monro! We heartily approve of your decision. Hardened old tobacco-smokers ourselves, we nevertheless admit that there is a place for all things, and that the inside of an omnibus is not the place for smoking. Besides, the old proverb about the small end of the wedge applies here. Selfish smokers abound, and if they were allowed to smoke in some omnibuses, they would soon want to smoke in all. Passengers, especially lady-passengers, are timid about remonstrating; conductors dislike getting into squabbles, and would be conveniently blind to the offending fumes; and so, by degrees, the principle would be established that smoking is tacitly permitted in any omnibus. It is quite true that they do it in Holland, but the Dutch have an excuse in the dampness of their climate, and the powerful odours of their canals. Still, the practice cannot be commended, and the hair and clothes of every woman who uses omnibuses in the Batavian Kingdom must be impregnated with the scent of the fragrant weed. Presently we shall have somebody proposing smoking theatres, smoking Courts of Justice, and smoking churches. We venture to think that smokers already have quite as much licence as they ought to have.

BIRDS IN THE PARKS.—Deploring the continuous diminution of wild birds in the London parks, the writer of an interesting letter in the *Standard* suggests several methods by which they might be won back again. No doubt the planting of thickets would effect some good, but not very much so long as a certain element in our population persists in regarding all birds at all out of the common as "game." Why is it that the West End rookeries of which the writer speaks have disappeared? The trees in which they built their nests remain, but the birds have most wisely sought refuge in places where they are not so liable to be bombarded by the British rough. That famous old rookery in Lord Holland's lane, which only three or four years ago used to have several hundred inmates, is now entirely deserted, we believe. No wonder either; for on Saturdays and Sundays the nests used to be riddled by a *few d'envir* of stones from the lane, the marksmen being Cockney larks who prided themselves much on their dexterity of aim. That wild birds are not driven away from London by the smoky atmosphere, or the street noises, or the hum of human life, is certain. Let any householder who has a scrap of a garden treat his feathered visitors with kindness, and they soon recognise that he is their friend and host. During the late frost, there were "cat walks" within four miles from Charing Cross, where chaffinches, thrushes,

blackbirds, tomtits, starlings, and robins assembled regularly to get food and water. They will cheerfully run the risk of being caught by feline prowlers, but they cannot stand the human persecutor whose hateful presence makes itself known by volleys of stones or catapult pellets. Even the bold sparrow seems to be becoming scarcer, while the flycatcher and the nightingale, once common enough in some woody suburbs, have entirely disappeared.

NOTICE.—With this Number are issued FOUR EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS—"CORKED," from the Picture by W. Dendy Sadler, Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours; "HER BIRTHDAY," from the Picture by J. C. Dollman, R.I., Exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours; "A HIT! A VERY PALPABLE HIT!" from the Picture by Godfrey C. Hindley, Exhibited at the Royal Academy; "PORTRAIT OF A LADY," from the Pastel Drawing by J. Machard, Exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery.

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Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 48,
Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays'
Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Ludgate Circus Office; and Gaze 5, 142, Strand.
(By Order)



THE LOOSHAI EXPEDITION

THE present punitive Expedition against the Looshais has been organised in consequence of the frequent raids of these unruly tribes on the Chittagong frontier. Last December they attacked the village of Pakuma, murdered forty-three men, women, and children, and carried away a large number of women. Only about a fortnight since there was a further raid, owing to which the expeditionary force will permanently occupy certain strategical positions, so as to avoid in the future the constant recurrence of these border incursions. It is accordingly stated that the Sangal H'lang will be the chief of these positions, as the advanced frontier post on this country will dominate the whole of the Shendu territory. The force has been assembling at Chittagong for some weeks past, and our illustrations depict the embarkation of a portion of the force from the Government Dockyard at Calcutta, on December 28th. One represents the 2nd Queen's Own Bengal Light Infantry in their camp on the Maidan. The three British officers in the centre are Lieutenant Claude Hamilton, Major Barnard Channer, D.S.O., and Lieutenant J. Hill—the remainder of the first line of the group being the six native officers. In the second line, standing up, are the Havildars and Naiks. The most interesting and somewhat amusing scene was the embarkation of the elephants on board the British India Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Simla*. Thirteen of these huge animals were slung on board, being tempted under the crane by the blandishments of their mahouts, who coaxed them by means of bundles of sugar-cane. As soon as the band had been placed around him, each elephant was hoisted into mid-air, where he was powerless to resist, and then lowered gently down to the deck of the *Simla*, where his mahout was in waiting to calm him with more sugar-cane. One elephant fainted when he reached the deck, and had to be deluged with the hose to bring him to his senses. Our remaining sketches need no description, but we may mention that the group of British and native officers of the Expedition includes Colonel V. W. Tregear, commanding the Expedition, Mr. Lyall, the Political Officer, Captain Gwatkin, 13th Bengal Lancers, Staff Officer, Captain W. J. Bond, Chief Commissariat Officer, and others.

MOVERS AND SECONDER OF THE ADDRESS IN PARLIAMENT

IN the House of Lords the Address in answer to the Queen's Speech was moved by the Earl of Londesborough, and seconded by Lord Penrhyn. William Henry Forster Denison, first Earl of Londesborough, was born June 19th, 1834, and succeeded his father (who, being a son of the first Marquess of Conyngham, was afterwards created Baron Londesborough) in 1860. He was educated at Eton, Vice-Admiral of the Yorkshire Coast, Honorary Colonel First Volunteer Battalion, East Yorkshire Regiment, a J.P. and D.L. for East Yorkshire, and a D.L. for North Yorkshire. From 1857 to 1859 he sat as M.P. (Liberal) for Beverley; and from 1859 to 1860 for Scarborough. He was created Viscount Raincliffe and Earl of Londesborough in 1887. In 1863 he married Edith Frances Wilhelmine Somerset, daughter of the seventh Duke of Beaufort, K.G., and by her has one son and four daughters. George Sholto Gordon Douglas Pennant, second Baron Penrhyn, was born September 30th, 1836, and succeeded his father in 1886.

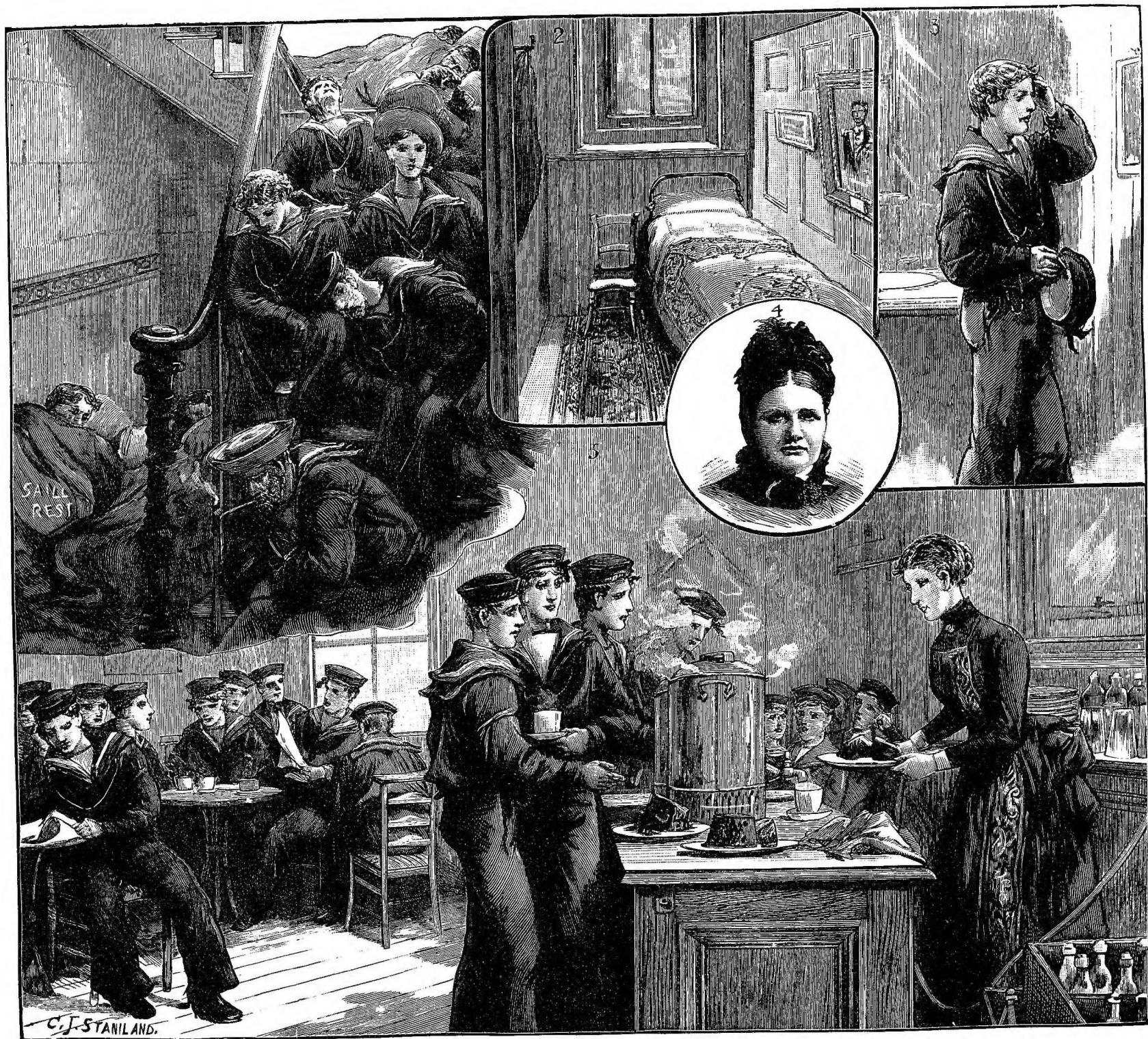


THE EARL OF LONDESBOUROUGH
Mover of the Address in the House of Lords



LORD PENRHYN
Seconder of the Address in the House of Lords

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT



1. "Crowded Out"—More Beds Wanted
2. Cabin presented by H.I.M. the Empress Frederick of Germany, Princess Royal of England

3. Tittivating
5. Refreshment Room set apart on Sunday for Boys of H.M. Training Ship *St. Vincent*

4. Miss Weston



MR. M. H. SHAW-STEWART
Mover of the Address in the House of Commons

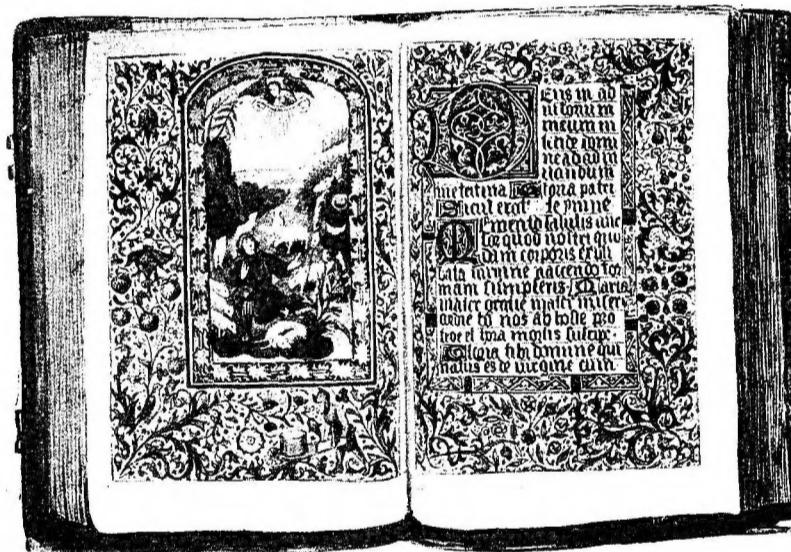


CAPTAIN SIR J. C. R. COLOMB, K.C.M.G.
Seconder of the Address in the House of Commons

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD (CHARLES III)
From a Pen-and-Ink Drawing lent by the Duchess of Albany



BOOK OF HOURS
Said to have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, and to have been used on the Scaffold at her Execution



GOLD ROSARY WITH CRUCIFIX OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS
Lent by the Duke of Norfolk



WATCH GIVEN BY CHARLES I. TO SIR THOMAS HERBERT ON
THE DAY OF HIS EXECUTION

MAGIC LANTERN ENTERTAINMENT AT FULHAM
THIS engraving represents a magic lantern entertainment given to 1,450 poor and destitute children by the members of the Fulham Liberal Club and Institute. This treat is given yearly, and is an interesting example of a very praiseworthy effort by working men to be charitable to those of a still poorer class. The whole cost of the entertainment is about £27. After the tea, as many children as can be crammed into the hall of the club are entertained by a magic lantern exhibition with music. The characteristic feature of the whole affair is that it is done entirely by the funds and efforts and work of the club, without any outside help.

FINE ART SUPPLEMENTS

THE "Portrait of a Lady" is by J. Machard, and was shown in the recent Pastel Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. It is a typical example of the Continental method of portraiture; the girl is a sort with whom one would rather flirt than marry.—"Corked" is by that admirable artist W. Dendy Sadler, and forms a companion to his "Old and Crusted," recently exhibited. In the picture before us the gentleman in the white hat has evidently invited his legal adviser either to his own country cottage or to a rural inn for the sake of having a confidential professional talk when the keen-visaged man of law detects the unpardonable fault which lurks in the wine-bottle.—In "Her Birthday," Mr. J. C. Dollman's quiet vein of humour is very advantageously shown. Two evident suitors have simultaneously arrived to wish her many happy returns of the day; the old beau is got up in marvellous style, and bears a magnificent bouquet; whereas his rival trusts to his youthfulness.—"A Hit! a Very Palpable Hit!" was exhibited last year at the Royal Academy, and is painted by Mr. G. C. Hindley. The picture is the property of Mr. J. Henry Finlinson, by whose permission this engraving is published. The idea of the picture is that the host (the young man in the foreground) has invited to dinner his friend who sits opposite, and the old gentleman who sits on the right. The two former are astonishing their simple-minded companion by relating various strange tales of the town, and one of these stories has astonished him so much that it may fairly be designated as "a hit."

"THE TENTS OF SHEM,"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brewtnall, R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 193.

OTTER HUNTING

See page 198



POLITICAL.—Acknowledging the receipt of a resolution approving of the Irish policy of the Government adopted by the East Birmingham Liberal Unionist Association, Lord Salisbury speaks of the current denunciations of it as "applied to sentences of brief imprisonment, inflicted under due process of law by the ordinary tribunals for acts well known to be offences against the law, and sanctioned on appeal by Judges appointed for life, whose action Her Majesty's Government have no possible means of influencing, even if a desire to do so could reasonably be imputed to them."—Addressing a large and enthusiastic gathering of Unionists at Northampton, presided over by the Duke of Grafton, Sir Henry James, in the course of a very able and animated speech, dealt exhaustively with the pseudo-martyrdom of Mr. W. O'Brien. He denied that Mr. O'Brien's was a merely political offence, and quoted the passage in which he had suggested the violent treatment of every man who took a farm from which the previous tenant had been evicted, remarking parenthetically, amid cheers and cries of "Gladstone," "now at least we know that some evictions may be justly made." The man who acted on Mr. O'Brien's suggestion would be punished, and no one would gainsay the justice of his sentence. But is the man, Sir Henry asked, who incited him to that crime to be passed by because he is a Member of Parliament?—Lord Rosebery made what may be called a "rattling" Home Rule speech at a gathering of Scottish Gladstonians in Edinburgh on Tuesday instead of being present at the first meeting of the London County Council held since he was elected its chairman. A letter was read from Mr. Gladstone, in which he spoke of the "development of a policy of cynical brutality in Ireland," and went the length of describing the boycotting, for inciting to which Mr. W. O'Brien had been punished, as amounting to nothing more than "acts of exclusive dealing which are practised at will by the Tories of England." Lord Rosebery's address was mainly a lively criticism of Mr. Chamberlain's recent speeches. The only novelty in it was the intimation that the "records," or at least "the chief records" of the Round Table Conferences "will be produced at a very early period."—Sir Edward Clarke, speaking at Deal, made the important announcement that the large sum of money which the Government intends to ask for in order to strengthen the national defences will be procured without fresh taxation, owing to the profits from the Suez Canal shares and from Mr. Goschen's great conversion measure of last year.—Sir John Kinloch (G) has been returned for East Perthshire by a majority of 1,716 over Mr. Boase (C), the numbers being 4,005 and 2,289. The late member was also a Gladstonian.—Earl Compton has been accepted as the Gladstonian candidate for the Barnsley Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire, the present member for which, Mr. C. S. Kenny (G), is desirous of resigning. Earl Compton will be opposed by Lieutenant Bruce Ventnor-Wentworth (C), who has twice unsuccessfully contested the Division. At the last General Election Mr. Kenny defeated him by a majority of 2,508.

Mr. W. O'BRIEN, M.P., was sentenced, at Tralee on Tuesday, to six months' imprisonment, without hard labour, on the charge of having incited tenants on the Kenmare estates not to pay their rents. The sentence is to run concurrently with that part of the other sentence already pronounced on him which has not expired. On the part of the Crown, an offer was made not to press for punishment if Mr. O'Brien promised to take no further part in the advocacy of the Plan of Campaign, but the offer was indignantly rejected.—Mr. Carew, M.P. for North Kildare, was arrested on Tuesday at the residence of Sir John Kinloch, the new M.P. for East Perthshire, for whom he had been making electioneering speeches. He had previously received three summonses under the Crimes Act, of which he had taken no notice.

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, the Marquis of Abergavenny, Sir Charles Forster, M.P., and Mr. Howard the M.P. have joined, and been elected Vice-Presidents of, the Bi-metallic League.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER has accepted the presidency of a movement for establishing a polytechnic institute in South-West London.—The desirability of purchasing the Albert Palace, in order to utilise it for the purposes of a South London Polytechnic Institution was referred, as previously stated in this column, to a special committee, of which Sir Lyon Playfair was chairman. They have now reported that they consider the Palace too large and too expensive in maintenance and management for an ordinary Polytechnic

Institute. They think highly, however, of its situation, and recommend the purchase of about an acre of building land in its immediate vicinity as very suitable for a site. Moreover, that portion of the Palace called the Connaught Hall they consider excellently fitted for a concert-room and lecture hall.

THE CLYDE training ship, formerly a 71-gun battle-ship, with 400 boys on board, was destroyed on Monday by fire. There was no loss of life, but there were several casualties, and the officers lost most of their personal effects, the Captain suffering severely. Four boys were taken into custody on a charge of having set the ship on fire.

THE SIXTY-THIRD EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY opened at Edinburgh on Saturday. Some good work is shown, and altogether the collection rises decidedly above the average. There are 1,032 exhibits—750 oils, 230 water-colours and black-and-white drawings, and 72 pieces of sculpture. Although not so strong in landscape as formerly, the Exhibition contains some admirable sea-pictures and portraits.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,516 deaths were registered against 1,460 during the previous seven days, an increase of 56, being 365 below the average, and at the rate of 18·2 per 1,000. There were 2,511 births registered, against 2,566 during the previous week, being 401 below the average.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his sixty-ninth year, of Sir Frederick Boyd, sixth and last baronet; in his fifty-seventh year, of Major-General Charles H. Clay, who served with Beatson's Horse during the Indian Mutiny; in his seventy-fourth year, of Major-General Pierrepont H. Mundy, late of the Royal Artillery; in his ninety-fifth year, of Mr. Niven Moore, formerly Consul-General in Syria; in his eightieth year, of Mr. George Moore, formerly Consul at Ancona, and subsequently at Richmond, Virginia; in his fifty-fourth year, of Mr. Thomas Speechley, Registrar of the City of London Court; and, in her eighty-fifth year, of Miss Anna Maria Goldsmid, eldest daughter of the late Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, a distinguished Jewish lady, who zealously promoted the attendance of women at the public worship of the synagogue and the formation both of the Anglo-Jewish Association and of the Jews Infant Schools. She was known as a writer chiefly on education and as a translator, but still more as munificent in her charities.



THE TURF.—There were a couple of days' racing at Four Oaks Park and Hull last week. At Four Oaks, What Not won a couple of races, and, among others, Duke of Richmond and The Sikh were successful. The latter has since been backed for the Grand National at 100 to 6. The returns from Hull call for no comment. M.P. showed such good form on Tuesday, at Sandown, that he was immediately backed at 20 to 1 for the Grand National. Scottish Minstrel easily won the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, but could only get second to Castilian in the Grand Prize next day. Camaralzaman won the St. James's Stakes, and St. Galmier and Melleray were among the other winners.

Ormonde has been sold—really sold this time, we are sorry to say—for 14,000/-, and is to go to Buenos Ayres at the end of the stud season. We hope his new owner will be more fortunate than was Mr. Milton Young, the American who lately purchased Ossory; for both this horse and Prince Io died while crossing the Atlantic.

COURSING.—The battle of Waterloo began on Wednesday, when the first two rounds were successfully got through. The favourite, Happy Rondelle, and Herschell won both their courses, as did also Burnaby, last year's winner, and no fewer than four of Colonel North's, who was running six in various nominations, Fullerton filling his own.

FOOTBALL.—Londoners had a couple of good games to watch on Saturday. There were eight thousand spectators at the Rectory Field, Blackheath, despite the bad weather, and they were rewarded by seeing a well-contested game, in which England beat the "Maoris" by a goal and four tries to nil—the latter's first defeat since their match with Yorkshire. At the Oval the attraction was Corinthians v. Celtic, the Scot-Irish Glasgow Club which so nearly won the Scotch Cup this season. The Southerners had a strong team, including the pick of the 'Varsity elevens, and were successful by three goals to one. The winners played a smart dashing game, in spite of the mud, but the losers, though very neat and clever, did too much short passing, which did not pay against the defence of the brothers Walters and Moon, who made some wonderful "saves." There were no surprises in the second round of the Association Cup Competition. All the crack teams were successful, but Chatham drew with Notts Forest, and the Swifts refused to journey to Blackburn, on the ground that play would be impossible—a plea which was not upheld by the Association. Oxford and Cambridge meet this (Saturday) afternoon at the Queen's Club, Kensington. As much as on Monday Oxford beat Aston Villa, and Cambridge beat West Bromwich Albion, it is obvious that both teams will be above the average strength, and a very fine match should be witnessed. Rugbywise, Scotland has beaten Ireland, and London Welsh have succumbed to the "Maoris," who in their turn have been beaten by Cambridge University.

ROWING.—The Cambridge crew have already gone into training, the only alteration from last year's crew being that Mr. R. F. Bevan, Third Trinity, has taken the place of Mr. R. H. Symonds. Tayler, Trinity Hall, at bow, the latter having been forbidden to row by his doctor. At Oxford, the President, Mr. Holland, has definitely taken the stroke oar. Next week, when strict training begins, the Hon. H. R. Parker, who rowed last year, will rejoin the crew. He will be a great acquisition. The Torpid Races, which are in progress as we write, will probably result in Brasenose remaining head of the river. They have been greatly saddened by the death of Mr. H. L. Johnson, St. John's, who was drowned owing to the sinking of an over-crowded punt—a frequent incident during the races, and one which should be avoided by the erection of a light bridge.—Bubear, conceding 10 seconds, easily defeated Norvell on Monday over the Tyne course.

CROSS-COUNTRY.—The Southern Championship, decided at Kempton Park on Saturday, was won by the Spartan Harriers, though the Ranelagh Harriers provided the first man home in the person of S. Thomas. E. W. Parry, of Salford, won the Northern contest, but the Championship fell to the Harehills Harriers, who had five men in the first seven.

BILLIARDS.—White, as was generally expected, easily defeated North in their all-in match last week. The winner's best break was 1,230. This week, North is playing John Roberts, spot-barred, and is likely to get as bad a beating from the Champion as Peall did last week.

CRICKET.—The Englishmen at the Cape have been doing very well, and have scored several victories since Ulyett's arrival, though the Yorkshireman has not made any tall scores up to the present.



EX-PRESIDENT GRÉVY is seriously indisposed, suffering from a severe chill.

WHISKERS are now prohibited in the German Bodyguard regiments. Emperor William considers them "unmilitary."

A FAMOUS FIGHTING SHIP OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR has just disappeared. The notorious Confederate ram, *Merrimac*, which did so much damage among the Federal Fleet, and fought the memorable conflict with the *Monitor*, has been broken up, and her remains sold for old iron.

THICK-HEADED CANDIDATES WHO CANNOT PASS THEIR EXAMINATIONS are rewarded with an honorary degree in China when they have grown old. Among the students at the recent triennial examination in Shantung, twelve were over eighty, and seven ninety years of age, all of whom had been up thrice and failed. They are to receive honorary degrees, together with two candidates from Yunnan.

A "BATTLE OF THE FIRE BRIGADES" excites Melbourne. The various local Brigades are jealous of each other's prowess, and actually come to blows whilst a fire is raging. At a recent conflagration the "Insurance Brigade" arrived first, and had nearly extinguished the flames when the "National Brigade Association" came up, claiming possession of the hydrant. Finally, the firemen fought fiercely over the hydrant, while the police looked on, and the fire burned unnoticed.

LADY ARTISTS are enjoying a field-day in Paris, where the eighth exhibition of the "Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs" is just open. It is a very charming display, rich in *genre* paintings, and dainty designs, graceful flowers, fans, and rustic scenes. The pastels and water-colours are best, for the ladies do not shine very brightly in sculpture. Another minor display, to open next Monday, is a collection of works by a British artist, Mr. Stott of Oldham. Meanwhile, the artistic world is in a fever of preparation for the Salon as the first contribution—oils and watercolours—must be sent in by March 10th to 15th. The Salon, after all, is to remain open till June 20th.

THE LITTLE SONS OF EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY might be tempted to complain that life is "all work and no play." The Crown Prince, aged six, and his next brother, Eitel-Frederick, aged five, only have one hour and a half's recreation during the whole day. The four eldest children get up at 6 A.M., and, after a bath and breakfast, the Crown Prince and Prince Eitel are at work by seven o'clock. The juvenile Heir to the Throne has his separate apartments, and a complete Court of his own, with a Governor, an Aide-de-Camp, a general tutor, and numerous professors, including one for the piano. Every morning he is drilled alone, and in the afternoon again goes through military exercises with his brothers.

THE LAST FRAGMENT OF THE PARIS TUILERIES has been sold by auction—the iron gate and railings which formerly separated the Palace Courtyard from the Place du Carrousel. These relics of French Royalty will now ornament the front of the Château de Bécon, near Versailles, whose proprietor bought the whole lot for 360/. They are simply valuable from a historical point of view, for their chief decorations—statues, pillars, and other devices—have been kept back by the State to adorn the gardens which are to be laid out on the site of the Tuileries and round the Triumphal Arch of the Place du Carrousel. This quarter has long been untidy and neglected; but the Arch is being repaired and the gardens laid out, so that all may look spick and span in time for the exhibition.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA WILL BE MARRIED ON SUNDAY. For some weeks past the bride elect has left her parental home for a neighbouring palace, where she has been instructed by nine high-born ladies in her duties as Empress. If precedent is adhered to, no one will be allowed to see the marriage procession, which will start from the Imperial Palace in the afternoon, and bring the bride back by midnight. Umbrellas will be the chief feature of the *cortege*, the bride being in her "Phoenix chair" or palanquin, and on reaching the Palace she will pass through the chief entrance, where only an Empress may enter. The Emperor will receive her with the ladies of the Court at the private apartments, bride and groom will kneel to each other, touching the ground with their foreheads, will drink together from the loving cup, and this alone is the marriage rite needful for the "Union of the Dragon and the Phoenix." The happy pair will only enjoy a brief honeymoon, for on March 4th, the Emperor takes over the reins of Government from his mother, with much ceremony.

MR. W. J. LINTON concluded his lectures on Wood-Engraving at the Society of Arts on Monday evening last. Not the least interesting part of the lecture was the picturesque appearance of the lecturer himself, under the effect of a powerful light, with his snow-white hair and fresh complexion, looking the picture of health, and bearing his seventy-eight years lightly indeed. Some admirable specimens of engravings by Albert Dürer, and early engravings from designs by Holbein and Stodhart, were shown to enforce Mr. Linton's argument on the value of intelligent *fac-simile* or *black line*; whilst works by Bewick, Cennell, and others illustrated the power with which the true artist could employ the graver in producing his effect with *white* lines on solid black. The lecturer, with forcible earnestness, declaimed against the fine niggling work of the American School of Wood-Engraving as degrading to the art, and he accused its followers of merely using a complicated network of close fine lines on every surface alike—it be flesh, water, air, or earth, simply to hide their want of artistic intelligence. No one is entitled to speak with more authority on wood-engraving than Mr. W. J. Linton, and the publication of the history of the art upon which he is now engaged is anticipated with great interest. We only trust that the author will include in his volume, or as a separate publication, a collection of the best engravings by his own hand.

AN INTERESTING ART SALE will be held by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on Friday and Saturday, March 8 and 9, of the Paintings and Drawings collected by the Proprietors of *The Graphic* for the purposes of reproduction in this journal. It is a well-known fact that many of our leading artists have commenced their careers by drawing for these pages, and the above-mentioned sale will contain a large number of examples of their work. An important feature of the sale will be the series of the "Heroines of Shakespeare," painted on commission for the Proprietors of this journal, and which were exhibited last year at *The Graphic* Gallery. There are twenty-one of these paintings, and as in their entirety they form a unique and valuable collection, it has been deemed advisable not to dispose of the paintings separately, but to offer the whole number for sale together in one lot. The Series contains paintings, among others, by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A., Mr. E. Long, R.A., Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., in short, by nearly all the foremost English Artists. As an illustration of the outlay required for the production of this journal, it is interesting to note that the pictures now offered represent an initial cost of no less than 21,000/. The sale will afford an especial opportunity for such Committees of Local Institutions as may require pictures to obtain works by leading British artists upon unusually favourable terms.



The Attorney-General handing incriminating letters to Mr. Cunningham to be "put in"



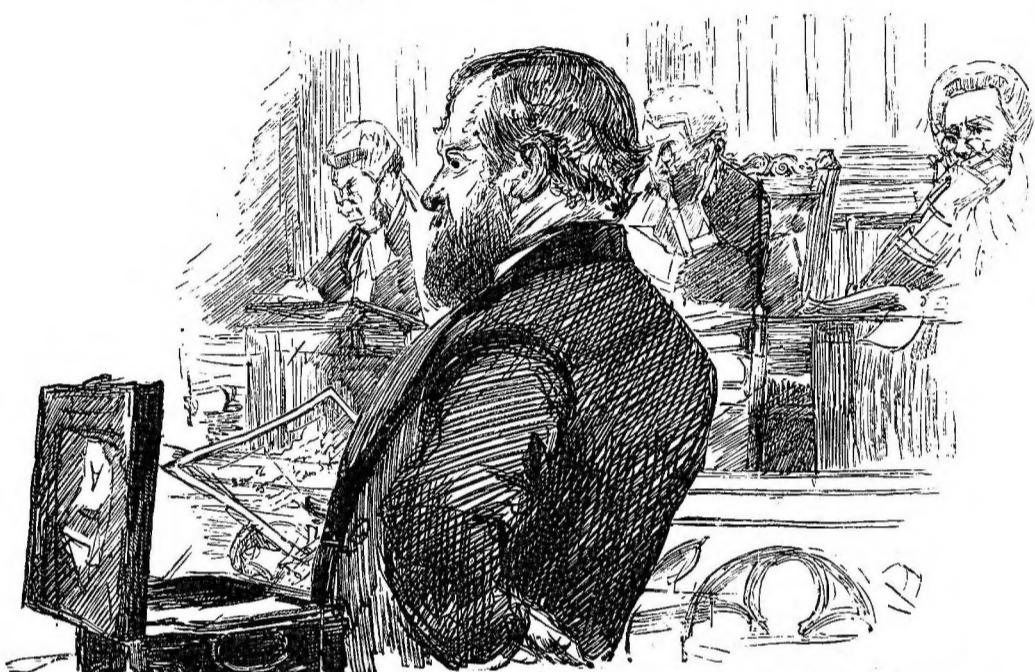
Mr. Houston, Secretary of the Irish Legal and Patriotic Union, who received the incriminating letters from Mr. Richard Pigott and sold them to the "Times"



Major Le Caron's last appearance in the witness-box



Sir James Hannon holds the incriminating letters up to the light



Mr. Soames, Solicitor to the "Times," in the witness-box. The Attorney-General: "Did you form an opinion before publishing the letter of Apr. 18 as to whether it was the signature of Mr. Parnell or not?"—Mr. Soames: "I did."—"Whose signature did you believe it to be?"—"Mr. Parnell's."

THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE
NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL





Mr. F. C. Macdonald, Manager of the "Times," gives evidence as to the purchase of the letters



Mr. Soames, Solicitor to the "Times"



Mr. Parnell points out his signature in the Kilmainham Prison-Book

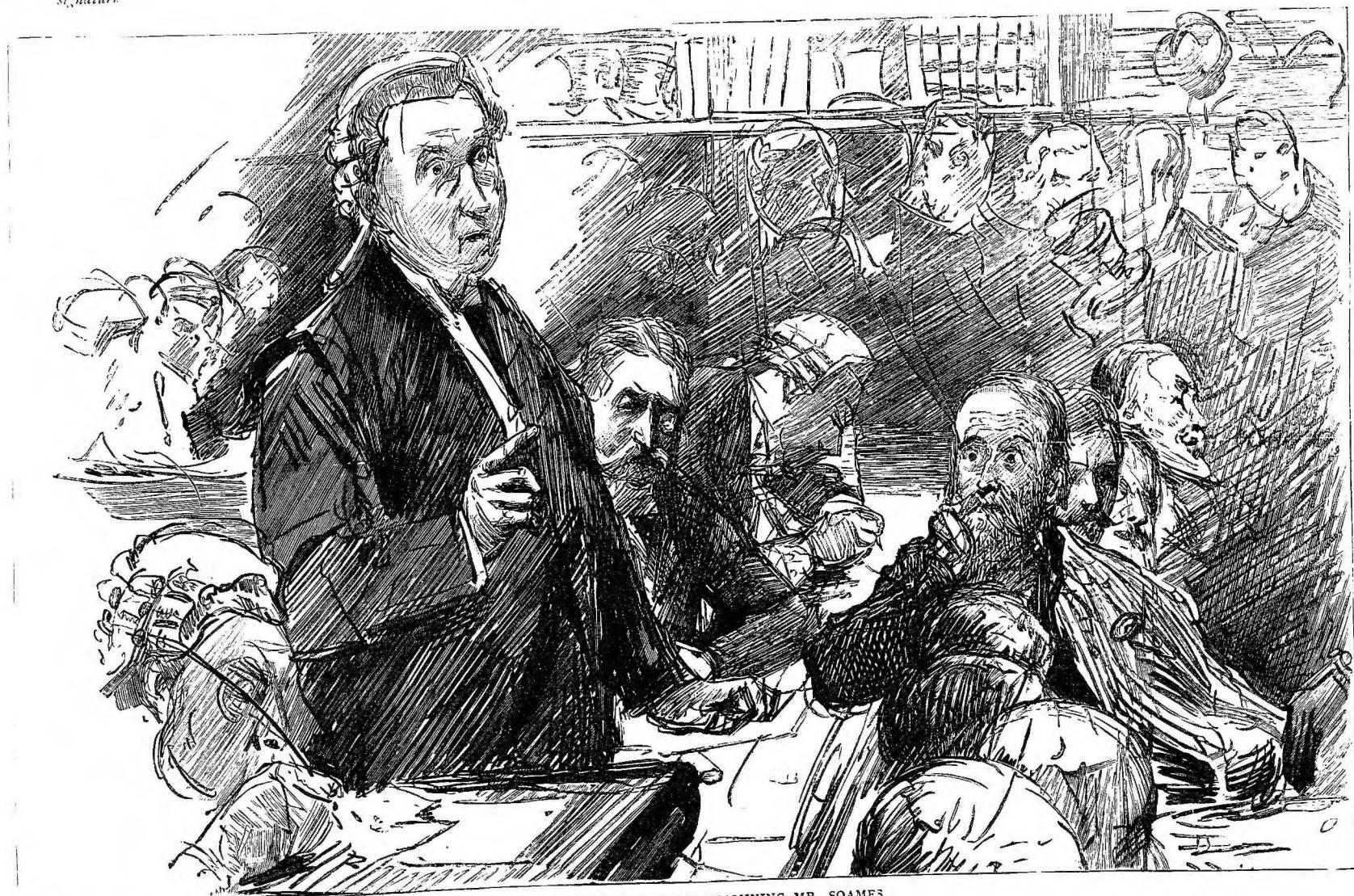


Mr. Woolacott, a Central News Reporter who gave evidence as to Mr. Parnell's explanation of his signature

The Duchess of St. Allix and Mrs. Adair listen to the cross-examination of Mr. Soames



Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. Comyns Carr, and Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree are spectators of the Commission drama



SIR CHARLES RUSSELL CROSS-EXAMINING MR. SOAMES

Sir Charles Russell: "Did Mr. Pigott inform you that he had told Mr. Lewis he himself had forged the letters?"—Mr. Soames: "He told me he had told Mr. Lewis nothing of the kind. He told me Mr. Lewis endeavoured to get him to say so." Sir Charles Russell: "Then he told you he had told Mr. Lewis he had not forged the letters?"—Mr. Soames: "He did." Sir Charles Russell: "Tell us, please, what he said?"—Mr. Soames: "He showed me a letter, signed by Mr. Lewis, accusing him of having admitted that he had forged them, and his reply. On that I required a statutory declaration to be made, and on that you will find he relates all that passed between himself and Mr. Lewis, including the offer of £1,000 by Mr. Labouchere to get in the witness-box and say he forged them." (Great sensation)

THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

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however, is far from likely to give up the reins just yet; and, when he does, his prophecy will probably be fulfilled, that the "Emperor will be his own Chancellor," and that his nominal successor will only be a species of Imperial private secretary.

Much astonishment has been caused in INDIA by the statement that the Bombay Government refuses to inform Mr. Crawford of the result of his recent trial. The *Times of India* states that it is generally believed that the report of the Commission acquits Mr. Crawford and condemns Lord Reay, and urges an appeal to Lord Cross for publication of the report, as it is obviously a matter of justice to permit an accused man to be put out of agonised and protracted suspense by being informed as to the result of a public trial. The movement for bettering the position of native women is gradually spreading, and Pundita Ramabai is organising at Bombay a home for the education of child-widows of the higher castes, and is substantially supported by a number of influential persons. The object is to provide Brahmin widows of high caste with education and a home. The Committees which have been established are willing to provide homes for those who wish to study medicine, or to be trained as nurses, their instruction being sought in hospitals and in schools; also to train girls of all races to become qualified as teachers of Kindergarten and day schools.

The Sikkim-Tibet dispute still remains at a standstill until the arrival of the new Chinese envoy to Tibet.—In BURMA, the campaign against the Chins continues. On the 8th instant they were driven out of the villages of Torklaing and Breman, on the mountain facing Siyin, by Brigadier-General Faunce. There has also been an attack near Mingyan on a party of dacoits, who were driven out of their stockaded camp with much loss.

In the UNITED STATES a terrible accident occurred, on Monday, at Hartford, Connecticut. A large boiler in the Park Central Hotel—a large brick building, five stories high—exploded, causing the hotel to fall into ruins, while the *débris* taking fire added to the horror of the disaster. A large number of persons were buried in the ruins, and nothing could be done to help them until the fire had been mastered, and the ruins had to be flooded before the work of rescue could be attempted. Many persons perished before the eyes of the spectators, and their shrieks of agony were heartrending. Several, however, were eventually rescued alive, but twenty-five persons perished. The explosion is reported to have been caused by a drunken engineer, who left the boiler with low water, and then, returning, incautiously turned on the cold water. A resolution has been introduced into the House of Representatives authorising the President to invite the members of the Canadian Parliament and the Prime Ministers of the several Provinces to visit the United States as the guests of the American people, and providing a sum of 30,000/- for their entertainment.

CANADA has been discussing the proposition of Sir Richard Cartwright brought before the Dominion Parliament on Tuesday, proposing an address to the Queen that the Governor-General, acting with the advice of the Privy Council for Canada, should be empowered to communicate directly with any foreign State, with a view to negotiate commercial arrangements for her own advantage. Sir R. Cartwright argued that Canada suffered material injury by having her interests subordinated to those of Great Britain, and by being obliged to conduct all negotiations through a British Ministry. To this the Finance Minister, Mr. Foster, replied that Canada had all the latitude she required in negotiating treaties. England never took a step without seeking the advice of the Dominion Government. He pointed out that such a course as was recommended would further put off the unity of the Empire and bring nearer the absorption of Canada into the United States. The motion was thrown out by 94 votes to 66, the small majority being probably due to the fact that, as no immediate division was expected, fifty-four members were absent. The question of nearer association with the United States is the key to the whole motion, as the Liberal party consider that the failure of the recent commercial treaty with the United States was due to American hostility towards England.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—In ITALY, Signor Crispi has secured a Parliamentary vote of confidence, but Vatican circles are looking forward with some eagerness for his eventual overthrow.—In EAST AFRICA there is little stirring; the German captive missionaries have not yet been released, as Bushiri holds out for higher terms. Captain Wissmann has started from Germany for Zanzibar via Brindisi. He will recruit followers in Egypt, Aden, and Zanzibar.—At SUAKIN all is comparatively quiet, and Handoub has now been completely evacuated by the Mahdists.—In NEW ZEALAND there is some apprehension in the Gisborne District, Cook County, of a Maori raid under Te Kooti, the leader of the Poverty Bay Massacre in 1868, when twenty-three white men and thirty-seven friendly Maoris were killed.



THE QUEEN returned to Windsor from Osborne at the end of last week, accompanied by the Empress Frederick with her three daughters, and Prince and Princess Henry with their two children. On arriving at Gosport in the *Alberta* Her Majesty was met by Prince George of Wales, who took leave of the Royal party on his departure to join the Channel Squadron. Princess Christian visited the Queen directly Her Majesty reached Windsor Castle, and the Princess, with her eldest daughter, also came up to the Castle on Saturday. Next morning the Queen, the Empress Frederick, and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Dean of Windsor officiated. On Monday Her Majesty with the Empress Frederick and her daughters drove to Coppings, near Iver, and called on Dowager Lady Churchill, subsequently holding an Investiture at the Castle, and bestowing the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George on the Earls of Kintore and Onslow. Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe visited the Queen. In the evening Mr. Balfour arrived at Windsor, and dined with Her Majesty. On Tuesday the Queen held a Council. The Empress Frederick and her daughters, who came to London on Tuesday, and lunched with Lord and Lady Arthur Russell, will leave England this week, travelling in the *Victoria and Albert* to Flushing, and thence to Kiel, where Her Majesty will stay with her daughter-in-law, Princess Henry of Prussia, during her *accouchement*. The Queen comes to town on Monday to hold a Drawing Room on Tuesday, returning to Windsor on Wednesday. The arrangements for the Royal visit to Biarritz next month are nearly settled. Her Majesty and Princess Henry will leave Windsor on March 7th, and cross at once in the *Victoria and Albert* to Cherbourg. The Royal party will sleep on board the yacht in Cherbourg Harbour, and leave early next morning by special train for Biarritz, which is to be reached the same night. As the Queen travels in strict *incognito* as the Countess of Balmoral there will be no public receptions anywhere. Her Majesty will only be absent about a month.

The Prince of Wales is now at Cannes. He spent three days at

Paris on his way, where he exchanged calls with President Carnot, and received numerous other visitors; inspected the Exhibition works, notably the British Section; breakfasted with Lord Lytton; and went to several studios, and to the Palais-Royal and Vaudeville Theatres. He also went to the Chamber of Deputies, and witnessed the fall of M. Floquet's Cabinet—the third Ministerial crisis during which he has been present in Paris. A most enthusiastic welcome awaited the Prince at Cannes on Saturday, the British Vice-Consul and many residents meeting him at the station, whilst the crowd cheered as he drove to his quarters in the Réunion Club. In the evening he dined at the Cercle Nautique, and on Sunday attended Divine Service at St. Paul's, subsequently entertaining Lord Randolph Churchill to lunch, and calling on Mr. Gladstone. On Monday the Prince attended a Memorial Service to the late Duke of Albany. During his stay at Cannes the Prince will unveil the memorial statue of the Duke of Albany, and will visit Nice, where a gala performance of Massenet's *Manon* takes place in his honour, with Madame Marie Roze as heroine. The Prince comes home early next month in time to hold *levées* at St. James's on the Queen's behalf on March 15th and April 2nd. The Princess of Wales and her daughters returned to Sandringham on Saturday, and next morning attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's. Wednesday was the twenty-second birthday of Princess Louise of Wales, when the Royal party witnessed a dramatic performance at West Newton in aid of the fund for decorating Wolferton Parish Church. Prince Albert Victor is staying with Lord and Lady Zetland at Aske Hall, near Richmond, Yorks. He will open the new Municipal Buildings at West Hartlepool on May 1st. Prince George has sailed on the troopship *Orontes* for Gibraltar to join the *Northumberland*, with the Channel squadron.



"THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."—We gave a brief account of Mr. Hamish McCunn's cantata, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, when it was produced by the Glasgow Choral Union last December. It was performed, for the first time in the metropolis, under Mr. Manns, at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, when the high opinion expressed of it in Scotland was almost fully confirmed by London amateurs. The whole of the first part is indeed of the most powerful character. The chorus is very largely employed in the descriptive narrative, the necessary variety being gained by startling contrasts, irregular rhythms, orchestration of a marvellously highly-coloured and realistic sort, and also by the solos with which the whole is interspersed. The orchestra fulfills a far more important part than usual, leading motives are freely employed, and throughout the whole there is a very strong infusion of the national Scottish element in music. The cantata opens with a scene in Branksome Hall, in which the knights who have been out hunting ride in and hang up their armour. In choral recitative the impressive scene round Lord Walter's bier is next described, and then a not-altogether relevant duet between the Mountain and River Spirits is introduced. We thereupon pass to the journey of Deloraine towards Melrose Abbey. This scene contains some of the most dramatic music in the whole cantata. It is full of contrast, and the choruses in which are described the opening of the grave and the taking of the Mighty Book from the dead hands of the Wizard are among the most powerful which contemporary British music can boast. The first part closes with the peaceful death of the Monk of St. Mary's Aisle. The second part is more fragmentary, and more lyrical than the first. It opens with a pretty tenor solo and chorus, in which the stolen meeting of Lord Cranstoun and Lady Margaret under the "hawthorn bough" is described. The love *tête-à-tête* is disturbed by the coming of Sir William of Deloraine, and by the fight which ensues between the Knight and the Baron. After a contralto solo we next have the war alarm which gathers the clans to Branksome, and then an excellent scene, in which the English borderers claim the surrender of the Castle, and Lady Buccleuch, backed up by the warlike utterances of the Scottish Knights, bids them bold defiance. Last of all Lords Cranstoun and Musgrave fight in single combat, and Cranstoun gains the victory, claiming as his reward the hand of the Lady Margaret. It would be better if the work had ended with the chorus in which the populace congratulate the young couple, as Mr. Hamish McCunn's setting of Scott's noble lines "O Caledonia! stern and wild" is by far the feeblest number of the whole cantata. The performance at the Crystal Palace was not a particularly good one, as there were many slips in the chorus, and even a few in the orchestra. Some of the soloists were perplexed by Mr. McCunn's Scotch music, but Mr. Andrew Black, a rising Scotch baritone, gained well-deserved credit.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Little Otto Hegner gave his second pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Monday. The programme was an interesting and sufficiently arduous one. Its most important item was Beethoven's sonata in E flat, the third of the set, Op. 29, the *scherzo* and the finale being specially well rendered. Bach's English suite in A minor, No. 2, and detached pieces by Chopin, Weber, Huber (Hegner's teacher), Paderewski, Liszt, and others were also performed. At the conclusion of the recital, the little prodigy was recalled and was warmly cheered.—At the Popular concerts there have been no novelties. On Saturday the *scherzo* in Mendelssohn's string quartet in E flat Op. 44, No. 3, was encored. Miss Agnes Zimmermann played Beethoven's *Waldstein* Sonata, and Schumann's Pianoforte Quartet closed the concert. Mrs. Henschel sang charmingly songs by Dvorák and Corder. On Monday, Signor Piatti's third Sonata in F was repeated by the composer and Miss Davies. The pianist joined Lady Halle in Beethoven's Sonata in G, Op. 30, No. 3, and Mr. Santley sang.—Chamber concerts have also been announced by Miss Douste, the Royal College Students, and others; and, on Friday last week, a highly successful vocal recital was given by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, the gentleman singing Loewe's "Erl King" and "Archibald Douglas," besides a new and somewhat gloomy song, "Auf dem Kirchhof," from Brahms' recently published *Cyclus*, Op. 105. Mrs. Henschel was heard in Brahms' "Sandmännchen" (set to a popular German tune) and Beethoven's "Know'st Thou the Land," and husband and wife sang several duets, among others one between the minstrel Blondel and Laurette, his gaoler's daughter, from Grétry's *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and a bright little duet of almost an opera bouffe character from Wagner's boyish opera *The Fairies*.—We should also refer to Mr. Heinrich's interesting vocal recital last week, and to the highly successful *début* made by Schubert's grandniece, the pianist, Miss Caroline Geisler.

CONCERTS (Various).—Of the first performance in London of Signor Mancinelli's *Isaías* at the Albert Hall by the Royal Choral Society on Wednesday, notice must, of course, be reserved. We however described the Oratorio fully in our special correspondence from the Norwich Festival in October, 1887.—The orchestral performances of the London Symphony Concerts came to an end on Tuesday, when Mr. Kruse the Australian violinist attempted Beethoven's concerto, and the overture to Wagner's opera *The Fairies* was produced. The overture is of an extended and well-developed

character, although as it was written when the composer was barely twenty, it necessarily affords little or no idea of the after development of his genius. Various passages, however, give some more or less remote foreshadowings of the chorus of *Messengers of Peace* in *Rienzi*, of a theme in *Tannhäuser*, and of a melody in the *Flying Dutchman*. Wagner himself had but a small opinion of the music of his immature period, and few we imagine will question his judgment in this respect.—Interesting programmes have likewise been presented at the Ballad Concerts, and a performance has been given by the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti has arranged with Mr. Kuhé to give her English concerts in October and November, a month earlier than was expected, and to start on the 17th of November on a fifteen weeks' opera tour of the United States.—The deaths are announced of Josef Gungl, once a famous dance-music composer, and, in 1873, one of the conductors at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, and of Mr. J. T. Peacock, well known as an extensive seat holder at the Albert Hall.—Mr. and Mrs. Grieg will make their reappearance on Saturday at the Popular Concerts.

Dr. von Bülow will, next month, sail for a recital tour in the United States.—M. Jean de Reszke has signed a fresh engagement with the directors of the Paris Opéra. His co-operation in the next two seasons at Covent Garden is therefore assured.—The question whether Mr. Carl Rosa will be able to give a London season of six weeks of English Opera this year has been adjourned for a month, owing to the difficulty of securing a theatre.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY will preside at the annual meeting of the Church Army; and Sir William Thomson, the eminent scientist, at that of the Christian Evidence Society.

THE NEW BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH is the Rev. Alfred George Edwards, Vicar and Rural Dean of Carmarthen, and Private Secretary and Chaplain to the Bishop of St. David's. He is forty years of age, and thus the youngest of our Prelates. He was ordained in 1875, when he was appointed Warden and Head Master of Llandover School, where he remained for ten years. He contributed recently to the *Times* a series of interesting letters, giving facts and figures respecting the Church in Wales, which, with an address on the same subject delivered at Leeds, were re-published in pamphlet form, and attracted considerable attention in the Principality. He is understood to be a Moderate High Churchman. Among Mr. Edwards's qualifications for the Bishopric of a Welsh See is his command of the Welsh language.

THE BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR, within whose extensive episcopal jurisdiction over the Anglican chaplaincy of the Continent is the Principality of Monaco, has once more, and finally, refused to consecrate an English church there. This resolution was approved at a Conference of some of the Clergy of his Diocese, at which there was a large muster of the clergymen of the Riviera. The main grounds of the Bishop's decision were that his refusal would be a standing protest against the gambling at Monte Carlo. If an English church were consecrated in Monaco, he said, the officiating clergyman would either have daily to condemn the gambling, which he could not do, or to hold his tongue, and so, by silence, sanction it.



THE twelfth Parliament of Queen Victoria met for its fourth Session on Thursday, amid evidences of quickening interest, not to be depressed even by the melancholy procedure of the Royal Commission. Early in the year hope was expressed in Ministerial circles that the Queen might be induced to extend to Lord Salisbury the favour, common enough during Mr. Disraeli's reign, of opening Parliament in person. But Her Majesty appears to have finally retreated into the frame of mind habitual during Mr. Gladstone's Administration, and, though at Windsor, within an hour's journey of London, delegated to the Lord Chancellor and his brother Commissioners the duty of reading her Speech and declaring the Session opened. From a purely business point of view this is perhaps a decision not to be regretted. The coming of the Queen to Westminster is all very well as a spectacle; but it is added labour for Ministers and officials, who have real work to do, commencing in sober earnest when the Speaker takes the Chair in the afternoon.

Among Mr. Disraeli's letters to his sister, written between 1832 and 1852, there is one, under date 21st of November, 1837, which gives a graphic account of the opening of the first Parliament of Queen Victoria. "We were summoned to the Lords at two o'clock," he writes. "The rush was terrific—Abercromby himself (the Speaker) nearly thrown down and trampled upon, and his Maie Bearer banging the members' heads with his gorgeous weapon, and cracking skulls with impunity. I was fortunate enough to escape, however, and also to insure an entry. It was a magnificent spectacle. The Queen looked admirable: no feathers, but a diamond tiara; the Peers in robes, the Peeresses and the sumptuous groups of courtiers rendering the affair most glittering and imposing."

A little more than forty years later Mr. Disraeli, once more proceeding to the Lords to attend the opening of Parliament—this time in the capacity of Prime Minister and Leader of the House of Commons—was personally less fortunate. The rush was again "terrific," and Mr. Disraeli, not so young and vigorous as when he joined the throng passing to the Lords in the first Parliament of the reign, was sorely hustled. It was a House of Commons' joke at the time that this incident determined him not to run any similar risk. Certainly, at the close of the same Session, he became Earl of Beaconsfield; and the next time the Commons, surging in at the portals of the House of Lords, came to see the Queen open Parliament in person, the Earl of Beaconsfield regarded them from the dignified security of the steps of the Throne.

On Thursday there was no rush, and nobody or nothing hurt, unless it were the feelings of the Lord Chancellor at the inevitable tussle that went round the benches where the ladies gathered when he was discovered sitting on the Woolsack, his plump figure enveloped in scarlet robes, and his expressive countenance peering tooth between the gigantic lappels of his wig—a sort of magnified masculine Little Red Riding Hood. The attendance of members at this function was very small, though there was a considerable gathering in the big Hall as early as noon. Members take this opportunity to come down to greet old friends, look up their backers, and secure their seats. But there was no attraction in the House of Lords, since little secret had been made of the principal features of the Queen's Speech.

The scene was changed when the House met again at three o'clock for the despatch of business. The Speaker took the Chair, looking all the better for his long rest. Mr. Gladstone was back

from Italy, eager, restless, and evidently full of fight. When the House separated on Christmas Eve there was a rumour current that Mr. Smith would not come back to the seat of Leader, a report that gained some credence from the fact that he did not sit out the full period of the Session, making holiday at Monte Carlo a full week before the Prorogation. Every one was sorry to hear the rumour, for though it is the fashion in some quarters to "chaff" Mr. Smith, he has, during his period of office, established a firm hold on the esteem and even the personal affection of the House of Commons. He comes nearer to the position held by Sir Stafford Northcote than any Minister of modern times. The House could illspare him, and heartily welcomed him back when he appeared in his usual place opposite the brass-bound box, with his colleagues on either hand—Lord Randolph Churchill not yet twirling his moustache from his watch tower at the corner seat, behind the Treasury Bench. The noble lord still tarries at Monte Carlo, and, according to present accounts, is not expected back till the first week in March.

In the House of Lords the Address in Reply to the Speech from the Throne was moved by Lord Londesborough, a circumstance which indicates the anomalous condition of politics existing at the present time. It is of course usual for the Address to be moved in either House by a member belonging to the political party in power. Lord Penrhyn, who seconded the Address in the Lords, is an uncompromising Tory, having twice sat for Carnarvonshire. Lord Londesborough ranks as a Liberal, declaring himself "in favour of a wide extension of the suffrage, and a reform in taxation." But, like many members in the other House who rank as Liberals, or even as Radicals, Lord Londesborough is at one with the Government in their opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme. Thus, it came to pass, as an outward and visible sign of the political alliance which keeps the present Government in power, that the honours of the Address were in the House of Lords divided, a Liberal making the motion, and a Conservative seconding it. It is stated that a similar arrangement was contemplated in the House of Commons; but for some reason or other it was not carried out, and the Address was moved and seconded by two Conservatives, Mr. Shaw-Stewart and Sir John Colomb.

In both Houses the mover and seconder, in accordance with immemorial custom, appeared in military or naval uniform. What would become of the British Constitution, supposing the mumbling of speeches in moving the Address were done by gentlemen in morning dress, no one can say. But just as the once dark question of what would happen, supposing the Speaker "named" a Member, has been solved; so it is probable that before very long the British Constitution will have a chance of feeling its way without having the Address in Reply to the Speech from the Throne moved by gentlemen in or out of uniform. The abuse of the opportunity of delivering speeches on the Address has at length reached a stage at which it becomes insupportable. Parliament meets unusually late this year, but supposing it were already settled that the Address should be taken as read, public business would last Thursday have been two days in advance of the Session of 1888. Last year Parliament met on February the 9th, but it was not till the 23rd that the Report stage of the Address was carried, and the House got to business. If the speeches made in the interval had been the end as well as the beginning of the business with which they dealt, no particular objection would have been taken. But, as a matter of too-familiar fact, the speeches delivered during the fortnight appropriated for the debate on the Address were made over and over again at subsequent stages of the Session.

The hand was put to the plough last Session by abolishing the Report stage of the Address, which removes one of the numerous opportunities of saying nothing over again. There is a strong feeling among business-men on both sides that reform should be carried further, and debate on the Address should be relegated to the limbo of Parliamentary anachronisms. It is quite on the cards that Lord Londesborough, Lord Penrhyn, Mr. Shaw-Stewart, and Sir John Colomb, may be the last movers and seconds of the Address.



SOME changes have been introduced into *Good Old Times* since its production last week. The last act has been recast; the panorama of scenery in Tasmania, supposed to be seen from the moving boat, has been somewhat curtailed, and the final incident modified. These are, perhaps, improvements; but the play suffers from the conventionally melodramatic nature of its story. All that can be done to give an air of reality to the trials and vicissitudes of its hero and heroine is done by Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake; but it is much to be wished that Mr. Hall Caine, who has daring and invention too, would have the courage to invent something fresher than the eternal story of the innocent man torn from his home and sent to the penal settlement on a false charge. It hardly needed the "floral tribute" in the form of a "golden ladder" which was handed over the footlights at the close of the first performance to remind the spectators of what threadbare material Messrs. Barrett and Caine's play is constructed. A graver objection still, however, is the glaring improbability—the downright absurdity—of many of its principal incidents.

Old playgoers will feel a pang in reading the news of the death of Mr. Thomas Mead, whose dignified manner and fine sonorous voice will not soon be forgotten. For many years Mr. Mead was one of the company of the Grecian Theatre in the City Road. Fortunately Mr. Irving discovered him and brought him to the Lyceum, where he played the ghost of Hamlet's father in a very impressive fashion. A not less remarkable performance was his impersonation of the father of the unfortunate Lesurus in *The Lyons Mail*. Mr. Mead is said to have been born in Cambridge in 1819. He was the author of one or two plays; also of a volume of poems.

Frenchmen will perhaps be less prone than they have been to charge English dramatists and playgoers with hypocritical prudery since a contributor to the *Revue d'Art Dramatique* has stood forth in our defence. Mr. J. T. Grein, the writer of the paper referred to, denies that our playwrights are forbidden to portray strong passions, and contends that all that is really interdicted is cynical immorality and suggested indecencies.

A direct descendant of the author of *The School for Scandal* has been discovered on our stage in the person of Miss Emily Sheridan, a daughter of the late member for Dudley, who has just taken the part played by Miss Horlock in *Sweet Lavender*, at TERRY'S Theatre.

Most dispassionate observers are under the impression that there has been a marked improvement in the standard both of acting and stage-management during the last twenty years. This, however, is not the opinion of Mr. Boucicault, who, in a correspondence with a well-known dramatic critic of New York, has been maintaining that the stage has greatly deteriorated. Mr. Boucicault is even able to point out the reason which he finds in the fact (if it be a fact), that incompetence is now-a-days able to purchase the goodwill of the press. The truth seems to be, that the American papers do not praise the veteran actor so much as they were wont to do, and this is how Mr. Boucicault accounts for that fact.

The Vice-Chancellor of the University and the Mayor of Oxford unite in their patronage of the forthcoming representations of *Julius Caesar* at the new theatre in that city by the members of the Oxford University Dramatic Society. Wednesday, the 27th instant, is the date arranged for the initial performance, under the direction of Mr. Alan M. Mackinnon. The scenes in the Capitol and the Forum have been painted for the occasion by Mr. Alma-Tadema. Mrs. Courtenay, wife of Mr. Courtenay, of New College, will play Portia. Playgoers are interested to know that Mr. Irving's eldest son, who is a student of New College, will take a part in the performance.

Birmingham seems likely to decline to purchase the late Mr. Halliwell Phillips' famous collection of "Shakesperian Rarities" —7,000, being more than the chief town of Shakespeare's native county are willing to spend. If this be so, the British Museum, in whose hands Mr. Irving suggests that the "Rarities" should be placed, will be at liberty to bid.

Mrs. Langtry has exchanged the barbaric garments of Lady Macbeth for Rosalind's "doublet and hose." The word "hose," however, must here be read in the wider Shakespearean sense of a covering for the limbs; for the actress appears in the forest in high russet boots. Friendly critics of the performance at the FIFTH AVENUE Theatre report that she never looked more graceful or handsome. Here let us note that Mrs. Langtry is under engagement to play in London next Autumn in a round of parts, from which, however, Lady Macbeth is to be omitted.

Theatrical managers in these days are accustomed to look far ahead. Mr. F. R. Benson has taken the GLOBE for a term, which will not commence till next Christmas.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's new drama, entitled *Nowadays*, will be brought out a matinée at the PRINCESS'S on Thursday next. It is understood to deal with the modern passion for Turf speculation.



THE PARNELLISM AND CRIME COMMISSION.—The cross-examination of Mr. Macdonald was continued on Tuesday, and conducted chiefly with a view to suggest that the *Times* authorities had accepted the Parnell and other letters as genuine without enquiring as to the quarter from which they had originally been supplied. He stated that no promise of any kind had been made by the *Times* to pay for the letters which had been brought to it by Mr. Houston until its management were convinced of their genuineness, and then Mr. Houston received for them 2,550*l.* in all. Mr. Macdonald having avowed his ignorance of the authorship of certain articles in "Parnellism and Crime," the counsel for the Parnellites endeavoured to compel him to make enquiries at the office as to the names of the writers, and then disclose them. But the President said that he could not sanction this demand unless precedents, which were not forthcoming, were cited in support of it. The next witnesses examined were the most important that have as yet been called—Mr. Houston, a journalist, the intermediary between the *Times* and Mr. Pigott, the former editor of Irish revolutionary newspapers, who is alleged to have ferreted out the letters, but whose name and share in the transaction were unknown to the *Times* until the issue of the Special Commission. Mr. Houston represented himself as having first employed Mr. Pigott to aid him with information for an anti-Parnellite pamphlet. He then engaged Mr. Pigott on a roving commission on the Continent and in America to seek out documents compromising the Parnellites, the existence and whereabouts of which had been disclosed by members of the extreme Irish revolutionary party who were inimical to Mr. Parnell. The final result was the communication to him by Pigott of the letters which became the property of the *Times*. The witness in examination and cross-examination represented himself as having acted from a sense of duty, and as having exhausted all his own resources in the Pigott mission. He had borrowed to prosecute the quest 1,370*l.*, 450*l.* of which had been furnished by Lord Richard Grosvenor. Of the 1,780*l.* which he received from the *Times* for the first batch of letters alone, 200*l.* went to himself for expenses, 500*l.* for the letters, and 1,280*l.* to Pigott. He had submitted the letters to Lord Hartington, and asked his advice in respect to them, but that nobleman refused to give any. The witness showed great self-possession during a very severe cross-examination, which was continued on Wednesday. Late on Wednesday Mr. Pigott himself appeared in the witness-box, and gave an account of his connection with the Irish Revolutionary party, and of his earlier employment by Mr. Houston. His most noticeable statement was that Egan told him that he and his allies proposed to make the lives of English officials in Ireland not worth an hour's purchase, and that Mr. Parnell was aware of all this.

THE PROCEEDINGS AT THE IMPORTANT TRIAL of the validity of Mr. Edison's patent for the construction of a carbon filament for the Electric Glow Lamp, were fully reported in this column at the time. Mr. Justice Kay, it will be remembered, decided against its validity. The Court of Appeal have this week reversed that decision, and affirmed the validity of Mr. Edison's patent.

A FAMILY OF THE NAME OF HALLIDAY had for two centuries enjoyed undisturbed and undisputed possession of a pew in the parish church of Warminster. On its restoration, not long since, the pew was pulled down, the vicar and churchwardens maintaining that Mr. Halliday's family had no legal right to the pew, but had occupied it only by permission of the churchwardens. The present head of the family asserted that the pew belonged to him as appurtenant to his dwelling-house; but Mr. Justice Day gave judgment against him, holding that the pew had been occupied solely by permission of the churchwardens. The case, which excited considerable interest, came before the Court of Appeal, which reversed Mr. Justice Day's decision, on the ground that there was no evidence to support the defendants' contention, and that the undisputed occupation of the pew for so long a period might be considered to imply that, at one time or other, a faculty had been granted for its use by the family, one of whom had erected it.

A FARMER OCCUPYING LAND on both sides of the Great Western Company's railway at Steventon, crossed it to procure a match from one of his men, and, on re-crossing, was killed by a passing train. He was insured for 1,000*l.* in the Accident Insurance Company, which refused his widow payment of the money, on the ground that he had exposed himself to "obvious risk of injury," which, if fact, would, according to a proviso in the policy, bar any claim to compensation. According to the strongest witness for the defendant Company, whose evidence, however, was not completely corroborated by the others, the deceased, after waiting for the up-train to pass, crossed and re-crossed the line without looking on either side. The case was tried at Oxford before Lord Coleridge, who, in summing up, said that, if looking up and down the line would show a clear and great risk, that risk would not the less be an obvious risk, within the meaning of the proviso, if a man did not look, and therefore did not see it. The jury returned a curious verdict, to the effect that while they thought the deceased met his death by ordinary misadventure, the Judge's summing-up compelled them to find that he lost it by incurring obvious risk. Lord Coleridge gave judgment for the defendant, but granted a stay of execution.

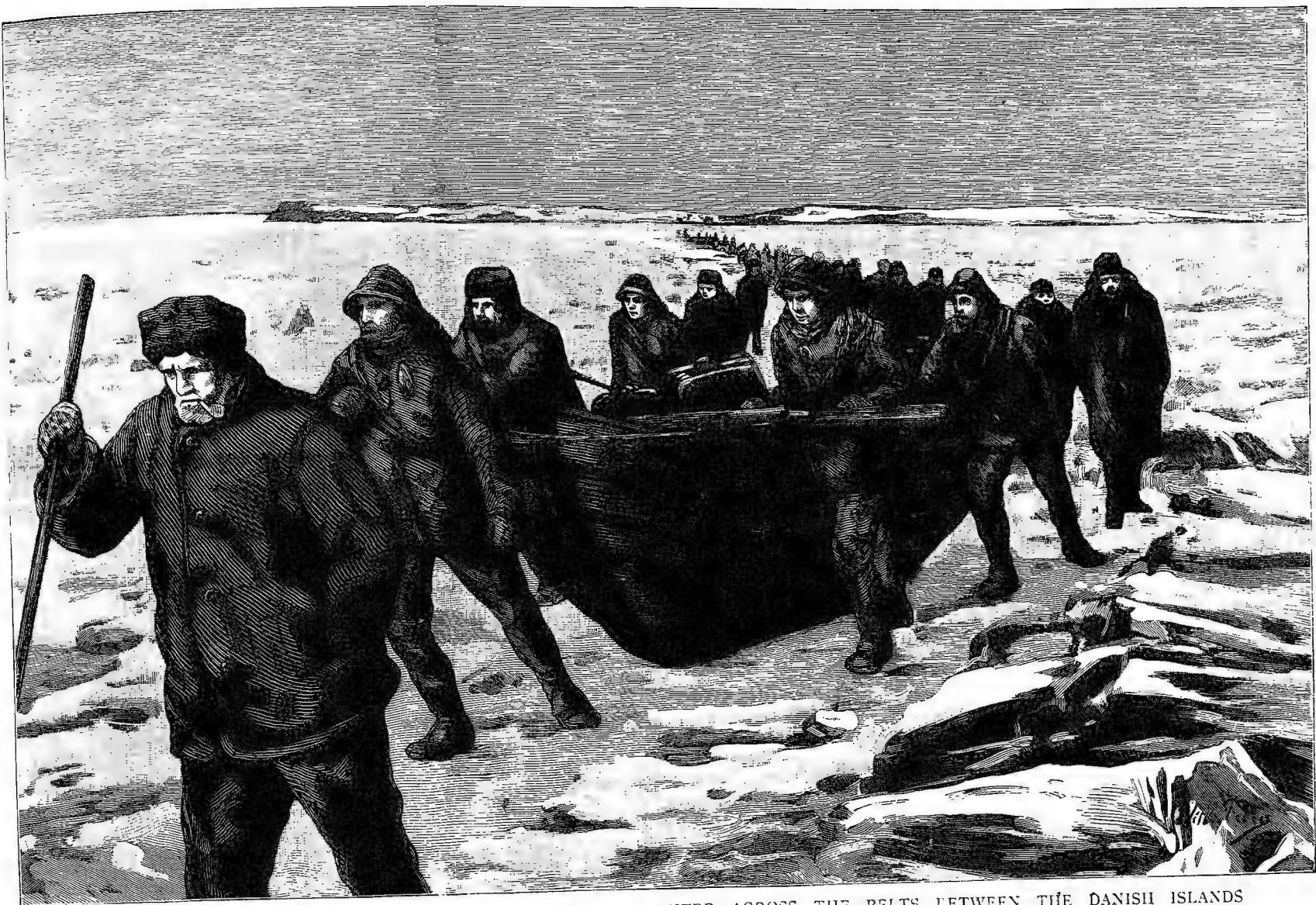


SUPPORTERS OF THEIR FAMILY

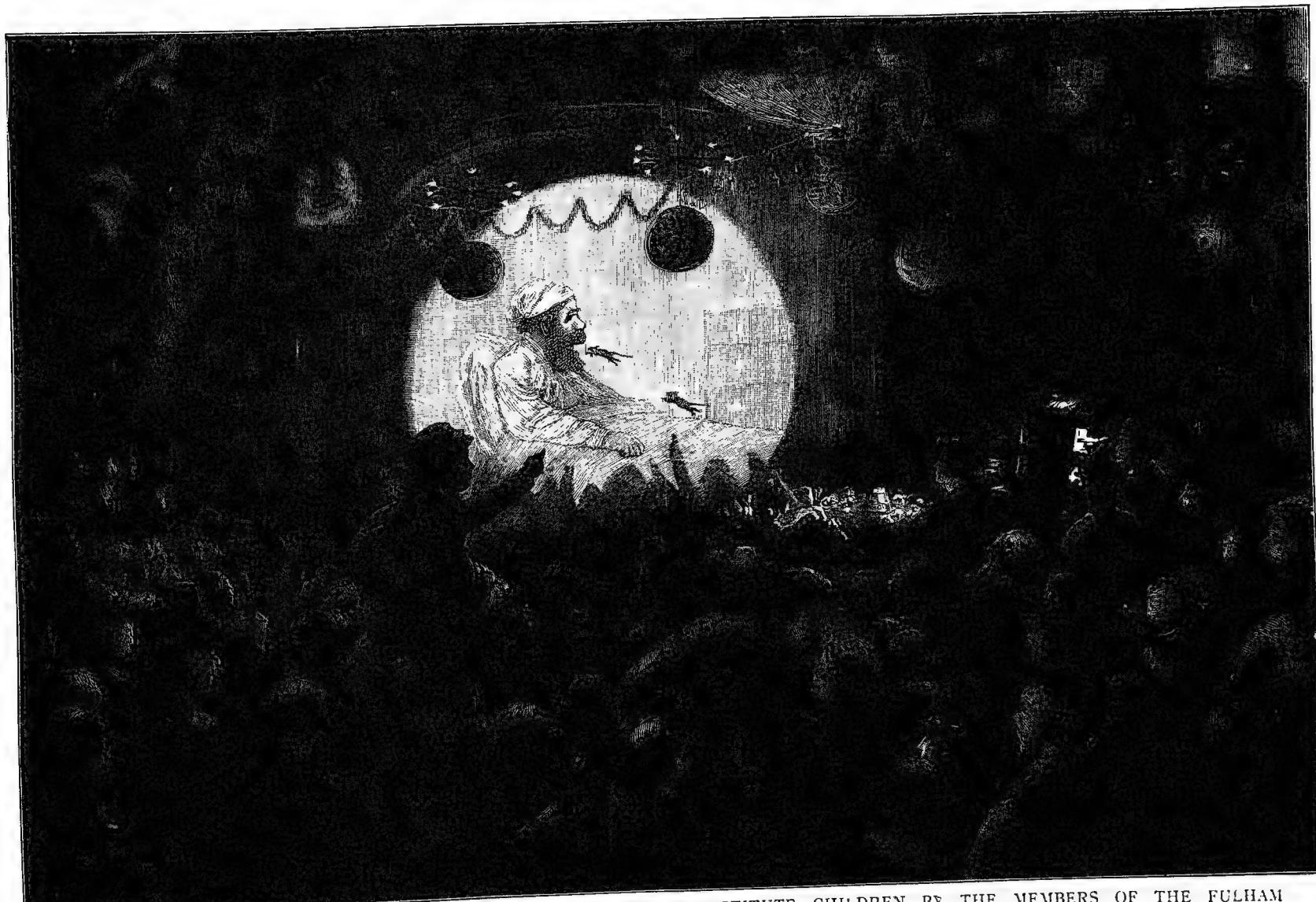
TRYING ON MASKS



THE FIRST STEPS



ICE-BOAT TRANSPORT OF MAIIS AND PASSENGERS IN WINTER ACROSS THE BELTS BETWEEN THE DANISH ISLANDS



MAGIC LANTERN ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN TO 1,450 POOR AND DESTITUTE CHILDREN BY THE MEMBERS OF THE FULHAM LIBERAL CLUB AND INSTITUTE



VALENTINE'S DAY, when even in our northern latitudes the birds begin to pair, was distinguished at Algiers—crowded with “interesting” patients in search of a fine climate—by a blinding snowstorm, followed by loud thunder and vivid lightning; and at the present moment, when the snow has long since vanished from the English hedgerows, it lingers on the hills of Auvergne, five hundred miles south. Truly, weather is a parlous matter to predict, or even to discuss. The Meteorological Office did not give us the slightest warning, on the 9th, that we were about to receive heavy fall of snow on the following day; though when, on the 15th, they predicted “frost, then some rain, and milder,” they hit off the 16th with an accuracy which left nothing to desire. Whilst we have had a deal of rough and unsettled weather over Western Europe, from the Mediterranean to the mouth of the Humber, the seasons in the “real North” has been one of the most open on record. In Scotland, and on the Cumbrian and Northumbrian fells, sheep have come through the winter in admirable condition, and at comparatively little cost. There has been no hand-feeding, which often figures both prominently and disastrously in the balance-sheets of the Northern farmer. The death-rate has been singularly low, and the feeding on green food and roots combined has kept the flocks in such excellent heart that a very good lambing season is looked forward to. In England some beginning has been made with barley-sowing; but the land in many parts is too heavy, and farmers would be glad if the remainder of February, at least, could be marked by a low temperature and drying winds. The prices quoted for sheep and cattle are not entirely unsatisfactory, even where the quality is not high; and, where fine stocks are put upon the market, returns now making are distinctly remunerative. The cereal farmer is not in so good a plight. On wheat, barley, and oats the net loss is 14s. 1d., as compared with the decennial average, and the price of wheat is below 30s. per quarter—for the average—sound samples making 34s. per 504 lbs.

A BAD SIGN as regards home agriculture is disclosed in the large increase of fresh meat imports, especially from the United States. That the quality is better only means that English farmers have more serious competition to face. Of frozen mutton New Zealand is sending us sixty thousand carcasses a month, and New South Wales seven thousand. The exports from the Argentine Republic are said not to pay, yet thirty thousand carcasses have arrived from that country since New Year's Day. As regards wheat and flour from abroad two and a-half million quarters are on passage, against only one and a-half million quarters a year ago, and in addition to this fact Russia, from her re-opened Black Sea ports, is shipping wheat at the rate of over three hundred thousand quarters a week. With the price of English wheat already below thirty shillings, the outlook is a dim one.

DAIRY FARMING is regarded as a refuge by a good many East Anglian agriculturists, who are abandoning the cereals in despair. The Suffolk Chamber of Agriculture last Tuesday was enthusiastic in speaking of the advantage of the visit of the Dairy Farmers' Association in 1888. Mr. J. A. Hempson said that a Dairy Institute had been established under its auspices at Ipswich, while

a well-known farm had been turned into a Dairy School, and many farmers were thinking of sending their sons for special technical instruction thereto. Lord Strabrook thought that Suffolk farmers might win their share of the twelve millions sterling now annually sent abroad in exchange for foreign butter and margarine. Mr. George Fiske thought the increased attention given to the Dairy had already had a marked effect on the value of cows, and in that way helped farmers. He thought a Dairy Institute should be founded in each of the agricultural counties.

SHIRE HORSES are being “appreciated,” for at Mr. Gilbey's sale last week some fifty lots made an average of 94/-; and doubtless at the sale on Friday (yesterday) several of the Show-horses that have been exhibited at the Agricultural Hall will find customers paying three figures for the best specimens of our “English elephants.” Other countries are now so well liking our English cart-horse blood, that in 1888 about 1,500 choice specimens (not 10,000, as reported) were exported to various parts of the world. At the Show held this week were offered prizes to the value of 743/- 10s., and for these 276 stallions and 171 mares competed.

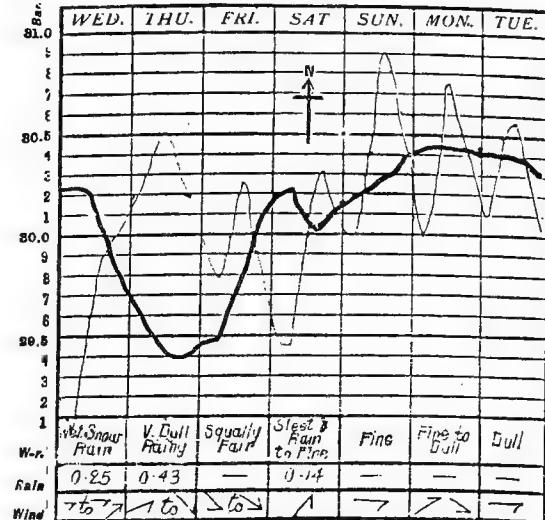
A CLEVER COMBINATION, out of which considerable profit has been made in various places, is suggested under the well-known signature of “G.” The growing trees of apples, pears, and plums is on the increase. They cannot be kept productive of fine fruit except by some kind of manuring. Trees never do better than when the land they occupy is laid down with the most shallow-rooting grasses; and when these are kept all the summer through, until the time for maturing the fruit approaches, grazed by pigs of the spring litters, born in February and March, the yield of fruit in the autumn, and still more in the next season, will be found to be materially increased in fineness as well as in quantity. The pigs should have a little meal fed to them, but in the orchards they are summered cheaply, and they become excellent either for making into pork for the early demand on the first advent of cold weather, or else they can be allowed to run in the yard in the autumn to be sold for curing purposes at the end of the winter. Such is the gist of “G.'s” advice, and we commend it to the notice of practical farmers.—N.B. Pigs grazegras almost like sheep.

SUSSEX CATTLE have found a doughty champion in Mr. William Wood, who thinks they are peculiarly the cattle for farmers who have neither long purses nor first-rate herdsmen, nor that particular form of genius known as “an infinite capacity for taking pains.” To the favoured minority who satisfy these three conditions, he commends the Shorthorn; to the rest, the Sussex. With a modest outlay, and a poor cheap farm, only the breeder of Sussex cattle may make his way by leading on the fortunes of a rising useful breed. “He may expect at every meeting of the Royal to find his favourites obtaining a larger share of attention and respect as every year finds them represented by larger numbers and a better quality.”

THE CO-OPERATIVE FARM at Harleston has not yet proved a success. On the first year's working there was a loss of 207/-, and on the second year the loss was 672/. The present season, however, will at least be weathered on the capital invested, and it is hoped that some of the money sunk in 1887 and 1888 will be recovered.

SIX HUNDRED GALLONS is a good yearly yield of milk from a cow, but the Duke of Westminster, by supplying continued abundance of succulent food, and by careful breeding and selection, has succeeded in leaving this total a long way in the rear. In 1887 his three farms in Cheshire gave averages of 574,611, and 677 gallons, or a mean of 620 gallons. In 1888 the mean was raised to 758 gallons, and if the present rate can be maintained 1889 may make general such figures as 1,169, 1,110, and 1,448 gallons! These three last records are of very exceptional cows.

WEATHER CHART
FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (19th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week, although showery, changeable, and at times very cold, has been far brighter than for a long time past, and on one or two occasions almost springlike. At the commencement of the time pressure was highest to the Westward, and lowest to the extreme Eastward of our area, and while snow showers were experienced at many of the English Stations, fine-bright skies, with Northerly breezes, and very low temperatures (except at the Western Stations), prevailed elsewhere. By Wednesday (19th inst.), pressure distribution over our Islands had changed considerably, the mercury having fallen briskly over North-Western Europe, and gradients for Westerly breezes had become established over the whole of the United Kingdom. Temperature rose decidedly (as much as 2°) as were shown at Parsonstown between the 8 A.M. readings of Tuesday and Wednesday, 12th and 13th inst.), the sky clouded over generally, and rain fell in nearly all localities. In the course of the day, Wednesday (13th inst.), some shallow disturbances moved Eastwards across England, but by the following morning (14th inst.) a deep and somewhat complete depression had reached our extreme Northern Coasts from the Westward, and with the exception of a further increase of temperature, and a freshening of the wind from the Westward, no material change in the weather was observed. As this disturbance travelled away to the Eastward the mercury rose quickly over our Islands, and by Friday (15th inst.) the winds had drawn into the North-West, and blew freshly in most places with showers of rain or sleet, and a distinct tailing off in temperature. The sky, however, had cleared, and the thermometer rose materially as the day advanced. By Saturday (16th inst.) a fresh depression had advanced from the Westward to our North-Western Shores, and fresh South-Westerly veering to West-North-Westerly breezes were felt in most places, with dull, cloudy, rainy weather. During Sunday (17th inst.), however, a material improvement was shown in the weather in some places, and the maximum reading of the thermometer in London rose as high as 58°. At the close of the period little change took place, except that the winds fell lighter, and temperature decreased somewhat.

The barometer was highest (30.44 inches) on Monday (18th inst.); lowest (29.40 inches) on Thursday (14th inst.); range 1.04 inch.

The temperature was highest (58°) on Sunday (17th inst.); lowest (21°) on Wednesday (13th inst.); range 37°.

Rain fell on three days. Total amount 0.82 inch. Greatest fall on one day 0.43 inch on Thursday (14th inst.).

LIGHT VERSUS DARKNESS.

“SHAKESPEARE—The Greatest Genius who has ever yet lived”—taught the DIVINENESS of FORGIVENESS, of Perpetual MERCY, of CONSTANT PATIENCE, of ENDLESS PEACE, of Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew these things better than this man, show him!! I KNOW HIM NOT!! - - - If he had appeared as a Divine, they would have BURNED HIM; as a POLITICIAN, they would have BEHEADED HIM: but God made him a PLAYER.

“HE TAUGHT THAT KINDNESS IS NOBLER THAN REVENGE!!”—The Rev. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

“Earthly power doth then show likest God's
When Mercy Seasons Justice,

What higher aim can man attain

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
THE DEEDS OF MERCY.”—SHAKESPEARE

Than conquest over human pain?

JEOPARDY OF LIFE, THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY.

You can change the trickling stream, but not the Raging Torrent

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ.—How important it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy such as ENO'S FRUIT SALT, to check disease at the onset!!! For this is the time. With very little trouble you can change the course of the trickling mountain stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts. I feel I cannot sufficiently impress this important information upon all Householders, Ship Captains, or Europeans generally, who are visiting or residing in any hot or foreign climate. Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let ENO'S “FRUIT SALT” be your companion, for under any circumstances its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. When you feel out of sorts, yet unable to say why, frequently without any warning you

are suddenly seized with lassitude, disinclination for bodily or mental exertion, loss of appetite, sickness, pain in the forehead, dull aching of back and limbs, coldness of the surface, and often shivering, &c., &c., then your whole body is out of order, the spirit of danger has been kindled, but you do not know where it may end; it is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand. The Pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. The common idea when not feeling well is: “I will wait and see; perhaps I shall be better to-morrow;” whereas had a supply of ENO'S “FRUIT SALT” been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely Death?

“I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life.”—J. C. ENO.

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SALINES.—“Dear Sir,—Having been in the habit of taking your 'FRUIT SALT' for many years, I think it only right to tell you that I consider it a most invaluable medicine, and far superior to all other saline mixtures I have ever tried. I am never without a bottle of it in the house, as I find it possesses three most desirable qualities—namely, it is pleasant to the taste, promptly efficacious, and leaves no unpleasant after-effects. I do not wish my name to appear, but apart from the publication of that you are welcome to make use of this testimonial if it is of service.”—A DEVONSHIRE LADY.—January 25, 1889.

HOW KANDAHAR WAS WON

“During the late Afghan War we were before Kandahar, and had been reconnoitring the enemy's position with Colonel M—’s splendid Cavalry regiment, when, to our merriment, the Colonel produced a bottle of ENO'S ‘FRUIT SALT.’ ‘Take,’ he said, ‘an old soldier's advice;’ so, to please him, we did. We emptied the bottle. And Colonel M— gave another bottle to P—’s men. We certainly slept soundly that night, and awoke fresh as paint. Two days afterwards the Colonel said at mess, ‘You fellows laughed at me about ENO'S “FRUIT SALT,” but it was mainly through that stuff I gave you, you did such splendid deeds that day. Personally, said the Colonel, ‘I never felt better, and so do the officers of my regiment, and we were ready to encounter half-a-dozen Ayoobs.’ After that the Colonel was always called ‘Old Eno.’”—“MESS STORIES” by PROTEUS, pp. 126-127, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court, 1889.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked “ENO'S FRUIT SALT.” Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sol!

by all Chemists. Prepared only at

ENO'S “FRUIT SALT” WORKS, POMEROY STREET, NEW CROSS ROAD, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

NO

Injurious Substances are used in the Manufacture of
Brooke's Soap,
 "MONKEY BRAND."

This Product has been tested by the leading Analysts of Great Britain, and pronounced

"THE ONLY NATURAL CLEANSER."

The "LANCE" says:—"This Soap is specially recommended for cleaning and polishing. It answers admirably. It is very effectual in removing dirt and stains, at the same time giving a good polish."

The "BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL" says:—"It is well adapted for removing stains, rust and dirt."

Many others might be quoted did space permit, but the two highest medical authorities will, it is hoped, be deemed sufficient.

SOME OF ITS USES.

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, SCRUBBING, POLISHING,
METALS, MARBLE, PAINT, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, MACHINERY,
GLASSWARE, EARTHENWARE, WINDOWS,
OIL-CLOTHS, BATHS, BRASS PLATES, STAIR-RODS.

For Washing Dishes and Cleaning all Kitchen Utensils.
 For Steel, Iron, Brass and Copper Vessels, Fire Irons, Marble, Statuary, Mirrors, Floors, Mantels, and a 1000 things in Household, Shop, Factory, and on Shipboard.

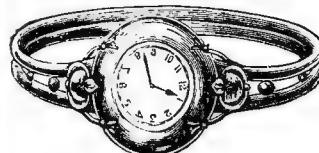
REMOTES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, Etc.

Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, and Chemists everywhere. If not obtainable near you, send 4d. in Stamps for full size bar, free by Post; 1/- for three bars, to

BENJAMIN BROOKE & COMPANY,
 36 to 40, York Road, King's Cross, London.

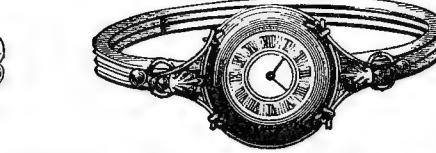
NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY.

The New Watch Bracelet.



Gold, £3.5s. Silver £4.4s.
 Customers' own Watches fitted.
 Gold, £5. Silver 35s.

THE NEW FANCY BRACELET.



Gold, £13 13s. Silver, £6 6s.
 Customers' own Watches fitted.
 Gold, £5. Silver £2 2s.

THE NEW UNIONIST JEWELLERY.



Small Size, £5. Large Size, 32s.

Ex-Shop Bracelet, 4s—Silver, 5s. 6d.

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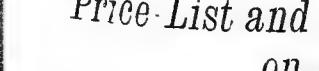
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H. ZUBER.THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT
of ENGRAVINGS in LONDON in STOCK.GEO. REES,
115, Strand (Corner of Savoy Street).TO ARTISTS,
AND
ART STUDENTS.

SOME years ago a "GRAPHIC" SCHOOL of WOOD ENGRAVING was established, which has since been eminently successful in producing some engravers of talent, all of whom are now employed on the permanent staff of THE GRAPHIC.

It is now proposed to found a SCHOOL FOR ARTISTS, who will be instructed in the different method of producing Black and White Drawings most suitable for Engraving on Wood, or for the different processes now employed for Illustrations here and on the Continent.

It is generally well known that some of our foremost Artists have first distinguished themselves in the pages of "THE GRAPHIC", before making their great reputation as Painters. The names of LUKE FILDES, FRANK HALL, HENRY WOODS, E. J. GREGORY, R. W. MACBETH, and HUBERT HERKOMER of the Royal Academy may be cited as examples, and if we wish to hold our own among European Art-workers, it is highly necessary that this most important branch should be encouraged, and that all the Prizes should not be suffered to fall into the hands of French and German artists.

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CHAPTER XV.

AN OASIS OF CIVILISATION

"VERNON," Le Marchant called out, with a sudden resolve, "I'm off to St. Cloud. I've a reason for going to-day. Will you come along on with me?"

"All right, Eustace, if you'll just wait till I've finished washing at my sky," the painter answered, briskly. They had picked up a trick of calling one another by their Christian names from Meriem's example, and it had now grown with them almost a ritual.

Hitherto, the two new-comers had intentionally avoided the discussions of St. Cloud, not being anxious to study life in its peculiarities of Algerian development, among the remote corners where a few ardent pioneers of civilisation diffuse the blessings of European culture over a benighted land by congregating together to drink beer and absinthe under the eye of the sun before the bare mud platform of a fourth-rate *estaminet*. But now that the chance of finding out something definite about Meriem's parentage drew Le Marchant on, he was ready to face even the wooden houses and malodorous streets of the dirty new village in search of trustworthy news as to their strange acquaintance.

It was a long and weary tramp, over hill and dale, among wooded ravines, and across rocky ledges; but before twelve o'clock the two young men had reached the military track from Fort National to St. Cloud, and found themselves at once, to their great surprise, in a fine and splendidly engineered French highway. They had scarcely struck upon it, moreover, when, to their still greater astonishment, and no little amusement, they came, full in face, upon a mincing little Frenchwoman, attired after the very latest Paris fashion, in a frivolous frock, a jaunty jacket, and a volatile hat of wondrous architecture. She was thirty-five and skittish, with high-heeled boots and an attenuated waist, utterly unadapted to the practical necessities of a bare and dusty Algerian high-road. On either side of her, with clanking spurs, paced a military gentleman of youthful years but portly dimensions; while Madame in the midst, with her graceful parasol held coquettishly, now on this side, now on that, chatted affably to both in intermittent gurgles with alternate flows of most Parisian liveliness.

"C'est Madame l'Administratrice," the dirty-robed Kabyle, who had come with them to show them the way, murmured softly in their ears, with a low bend of his body, as the lady approached. Indeed, the commonplaces of the Ollendorffian dialect would here have stood him in very poor stead. He felt he could not insult so grand a lady as Madame l'Administratrice by addressing to her casual

without stopping, half abashed at their dusty and way-worn condition, had not Madame brought them to with a lively broadside across their bows, so to speak, of "Bonjou, Messieurs."

"Bonjou, madame," Le Marchant answered, saluting again, and still anxious to pass on; but still the lady stopped him.

"You are the English artists, messieurs, of whom our *indigènes* told us, who have pitched a camp on the hills of the Beni-Merzouq, n'est-ce pas?" she asked, condescendingly.

"My friend is a painter," Le Marchant answered, with a wave of his hand towards his blushing companion; "I, myself, am a naturalist; and we are certainly camping out—but with one tent only, madame—at the Beni-Merzouq village."

The lady pouted, or rather, which is quite another thing, *elle faisait la moue*, an accomplishment as indescribable as unknown in English. "Can you be unaware, messieurs," she said, with a smile of mingled reproach and gentle forgiveness, "that it is the custom in the colony for all new comers in the *arrondissement* of St. Cloud to pay their respects the first to M. l'Administrateur and to myself at the Fort? We have long been expecting you to do us the honour of making us a formal visit. *D'ailleurs*, we are not so well off for *agréments* in these trackless wilds"—she gazed straight ahead along the bare and well-made French road before her, with a vacant air—"that we can afford to lose the agreeable society of an English painter and an English *savant*." She looked up and smiled. "I adore art, and I reverence science—at a distance."

"Not trackless, quite, madame, however wild," one of her escort murmured with gentle reproof, looking in front, in his turn, at the magnificent gradients of the sloping road, with paternal pride. He was an officer of the *Génie*, and he felt his department unduly depreciated by madame's reflection.

"Forgive us, madame," Le Marchant answered, somewhat abashed by this open attack upon his character for politeness. "We are strangers in the land, and to say the truth, we scarcely expected at St. Cloud the charm of female society. Besides, you do us far too much honour. We are simple students, each in his own art, and we have scarcely brought with us in our rough-and-ready camp the necessary costume for appearing in fitting dress at European functions. We could hardly venture to present ourselves thus before you."

As for Blake, all awe-struck at the high-heeled boots and the Parisian hat, he left the conversation entirely in the competent hands of the naturalist. His French, such as it was, forsook him forthwith. Indeed, the commonplaces of the Ollendorffian dialect would here have stood him in very poor stead. He felt he could not insult so

and fortuitous remarks about *la femme du jardinier* or *le fils du menuisier*.

Madame bowed a condescending little bow.

"In consideration of your contrition," she said, "and your implied promise of future amendment, monsieur, absolution is granted to you. You see my generosity. You were coming to visit us, of course? Well, then, M. le Lieutenant," to the elder of her companions, "we will turn round and accompany these gentlemen back to the Fort."

Le Marchant hesitated. He didn't wish to be rude, but it went against the grain of his honest nature to pretend a call was meant where none had been intended. A happy thought struck him, by way of a compromise.

"Not in this *tenue*, madame," he said. "Even in Algeria, we must respect *les convenances*; we couldn't think of calling upon any lady in such a costume. *En effet*, we were going to visit the Père Baba."

The lady sighed.

"Hélas," she answered, "this is not Paris. We are glad to get callers in any *tenue*. But you will at least permit us to accompany you on your way as far as the village?"

"Thank you, madame. You are very good. This is a charming situation. So, wild, so picturesque—!"

"And so wholly unendurable!"

"But, surely, madame, the scenery is lovely. It's a beautiful country."

"Beautiful! *Je vous l'accorde: mais vu de loin*. For a painter, possibly; but for a woman, *mon Dieu*, it's too far from Paris."

"Still," Blake ventured to remark, inspired to a sudden Ollendorffian outburst in defence of the scenery, "there are many worse places than this in the world."

"Perhaps so," the little woman replied, with a crushing smile, "but *faute de pire*, I'm quite satisfied in that way with this one."

Blake retired in disorder from the unequal contest. Even had he possessed the rudiments of her language, the little Frenchwoman was clearly too much for him at the game of repartee. But Le Marchant, a bolder spirit, tried once more.

"You have lived here long, madame?" he asked, with his perfect accent.

"Long enough almost to have forgotten the boulevards. Fifteen years, monsieur; figure that to yourself; *et je regrette encore la cuisine Parisienne*." She spoke with pathos.

"That is indeed constancy!" Le Marchant replied, with appropriate emotion.

"Monsieur," the lady retorted, with a little mock curtsey and an

ironical smile, "it is your sex, remember, that has the monopoly of sickliness."

They walked on towards the village, along the dusty road, all five abreast, Madame l'Administratrice chatting away gaily all the time in the same flighty strain about the discontents of her situation, the distance from a really good milliner, the difficulty of getting endurable coffee, and, above all, the vices and shortcomings of *ces cochons d'indigènes*. Upon this last pet subject—a colonial substitute for the great servant question—madame, after the wont of Algerian ladies, waxed very warm, and nodded the volatile little hat most impressively, till the stability of its feathers was almost compromised.

"Believe me, monsieur," she said at last, with much energy, stamping her neat small foot on the dusty *trottoir*, "we shall never have peace and security in Algeria till the French soldiers join hands across the country in a long line, and walking over hill and dale together, sweep the *indigènes* before them into the Mediterranean."

"C'est vrai," the officer of the *Génie* assented with a profoundly conviced nod.

"Strong measures, indeed," Le Marchant answered, laughing.

"It is thus, monsieur, that France must fulfil her civilising mission," the lady repeated, stoutly. "Join hands in line, and march across the country, and sweep every Arab into the Mediterranean. *Le bon Dieu* never made the world, you may be sure, for those pigs of Arabs."

"But the Kabyles?" Blake asked, with another gasping effort.

"Do I distinguish between them, monsieur?" madame answered, scornfully, turning upon him with a suddenness that fairly frightened the painter. "Every *cochon d'indigène* is an Arab for me. I make no fine discriminations between Arab and Arab. *Un indigène c'est un indigène. Que voulez-vous, monsieur?*"

At the entrance of the little colony, madame paused and pointed.

"Down that road, messieurs," she said, with her bland, small smile, "in the large house to the left, you will find the Père Baba. *Du reste*, I am charmed to have made your acquaintance so happily. It is pleasant to hear our beautiful language so well spoken. We shall meet again. *Au revoir, messieurs.* I receive, recollect, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. You can no longer plead ignorance. We shall expect to see you at my next reception."

And with a coquettish inclination of the volatile hat, and a curious side wriggle of the frivolous frock, the spoiled child of the boulevards, accompanied by her military bowing escort, disappeared down the one long white street of the timber-built village.

Le Marchant and Blake, left alone by themselves, looked at one another in silence, and smiled a broad smile at this unexpected apparition among the wilds of Africa.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WHITE FATHERS

"You are the Père Baba, monsieur?" Le Marchant asked, with some misgiving in his tone, of the white-frocked old gentleman in a plain Arab burnous, who opened the door of the mission to receive them.

"My name in religion is Brother Geronimo, my son," the old priest answered, with a courteous bow; "but the *indigènes* among whom I labour—to little avail, I fear, for the Propagation of the Faith is slow in Africa—know me better as the Père Baba. Will you step inside and refresh yourselves awhile? We are glad to receive you."

In the bare white *salon*, with its little bright-coloured religious chromo-lithographs, into which he ushered them, Le Marchant briefly explained to the good father the object of their visit, and asked with many apologies for such information as the priest could give him with regard to a person who seemed to be equally well known either as Yusuf, a Kabyle, or as Joseph Leboutillier.

The grey-bearded father sighed and tapped his forehead. "Ah, je nomme Yusuf," he said, with a compassionate face. "Yes, yes, I knew him; I knew him, of course, *ce pauvre misérable d'Yusuf*. But you come too late; my brother Antoine was the man to have asked—him whom the *indigènes* called the Père Paternoster. Unhappily, brother Antoine died last year, and much of what Yusuf had told him died with him, being given, of course, under the seal of religion. For Yusuf, though he lived among the Kabyles as a Kabyle, and bowed the knee, *pour ainsi dire*, in the temple of Rimmon, to save his life, remained at heart a Christian to the end, and confided many things to my poor brother, the Père Paternoster. He had a good heart, our brother Antoine, and he was kind to Yusuf, and went to see him in his lonely hut on the mountains of the Beni-Merzoug."

"But tell us at least as much as you know, *mon père*," Le Marchant insisted, "whatever was not said to you or your brother under the seal of religion."

"You come as friends?" the father asked suspiciously, "or for some ulterior object?"

Le Marchant explained in a very few words, with transparent frankness, that they came in the interest of Yusuf's daughter. They knew she had English blood in her veins, and they wished, if possible, to restore her to her relations, and to the bosom of Christendom.

That last touch told with Père Baba visibly. "It's a sad story, *mon fils*," he went on, closing his eyes, and turning his face towards the bare white ceiling, as he stroked the beard which all missionary priests are permitted to wear in virtue of their calling; "a sad story, and I'm afraid I hardly know enough about it to tell you accurately anything that will be of serious use to this girl Meriem. She calls herself Meriem, I believe; ah yes, I thought so. I recollect the circumstances. Well, Yusuf's story, so far as I can recall what Père Antoine told me, was something like this. He was an Englishman by birth, though I forget his name—let us agree that your guttural English names are impossible to remember. He came of a family, a very good family; but he was spendthrift and foolish, though never, I believe, wicked—*jamaïs coupable*. He told me so, and I always believed him. *Et bien*, according to his own account, which you must remember is the only one I have heard, his younger brother, sharing his embarrassments, forged their father's name to certain acceptances, which *ce pauvre Yusuf*, in a weak moment, not knowing their nature, agreed to get cashed for him. Yusuf declared to his dying day he had never the slightest idea they were forged, and that his brother deceived him. For that, I know nothing; but, monsieur"—and the old priest's voice had a womanly note of compassion as he spoke—"I verily believe he was truthful, this unhappy exile."

"To judge by his daughter, I believe he must have been," Le Marchant interposed, with perfect sincerity.

The Father nodded. "Well, the fraud came to light," he continued, "and the brother shuffled out of it; he was *mauvais sujet*, this brother, Yusuf always assured us. The evidence all pointed to Yusuf alone; the law was in search of him; Yusuf lost courage, and fled the country. He took passage to America as a mere blind, but, as a matter of fact, he fled to France, under an assumed name, and never again dared to communicate with his relations."

"He might have done so at least before he died," Le Marchant cried, warmly. "The danger would then have been all past. For his daughter's sake, he ought surely, on his dying bed, to have written."

"Monsieur," the Father answered, with his eyes still closed, recalling slowly the half-forgotten facts, "he never lay upon his dying bed at all. Had he died thus, these things might all have

turned out differently. But *le bon Dieu* willed it otherwise. You shall hear in due time; for this was what happened. *Ce pauvre Yusuf* enlisted in the Third Chasseurs at Toulon, and was sent across here, under the assumed name of Joseph Leboutillier, to put down the insurrection among the M'zabites and the Kabyles. But as soon as he saw the sort of warfare in which he was to be engaged, his heart smote him; for he was a just man, Yusuf, though he had many failings; and let us admit, monsieur, that we other French have not always made war very honourably, or very justifiably, against these poor *indigènes*."

"I fear as much from their disposition towards you," Le Marchant said, shortly.

"Well, when Yusuf came up to Grande Kabylie, *en effet*, he found his work was to be nothing less than exterminating the natives and expropriating their territory. That was what Yusuf, with his high ideas, could never endure. He hated to be made an instrument of what seemed to him tyranny. So, in a skirmish one day with the Beni-Yenni people, he found himself, by chance, alone behind a cactus hedge, with the body of a dead Kabyle in the ditch beside him. This he told brother Antoine," the old man said, looking round with a dubious air, "and I don't know whether I ought to repeat it, for I am not sure that he didn't tell it under the seal of religion."

"Continue," Le Marchant said, with evident earnestness. "It is for no bad purpose that we ask you to confide in us. What you say only interests me more profoundly than ever in this poor girl, Meriem."

"So he took the dead Kabyle's burnous," the priest went on, seizing his hearer's arm for further emphasis, "and stole away slowly, all unperceived, into the Kabyle camp as an honest deserter. He made signs to the *indigènes* that he had come as a friend. One of them, a former Spahis, who had served in France, and understood our language, interpreted for him; and the Kabyles, glad to avail themselves of his superior skill and military knowledge, received him with open arms and made him as one of them. It was thus he came to find himself proscribed by two nations at once, the English as a forger, and the French as a deserter."

"It's a touching story!" Le Marchant cried, with emotion.

"Touching, indeed, for the poor man himself," the Father went on, "for, hunted down and terrified for his life as he was, Yusuf dared not return to civilisation on any side; he had no money even to go to Italy or America, where perhaps, he might have been free; and, a gentleman born and bred as he was, he became as a Kabyle, earning his bread by gathering olives or cutting corn with his own hands, and seeing no Christian face any where save my own and the Père Paternoster's, who alone had the keeping of his terrible secrets. The Amine of the Beni-Merzoug gave him his sister Halima, this Meriem's mother, as a Kabyle wife; and that one girl was their only child."

"They were married?" Le Marchant asked.

"After the Kabyle fashion, yes. So far as I know, there was no other rite. But Yusuf lived with her faithfully as a husband, and loved her truly—in this, as in all things, accepting to the full his altered situation. He was a loveable soul, and, in spite of everything, one couldn't help loving him; there was a silent heroism about the man's endurance that extorted at last one's highest admiration."

"And what became of him at last?" Le Marchant asked, as the Father paused.

"He died suddenly," Père Baba answered, "without being able to give Père Paternoster his dying directions, or perhaps I might be able to tell you something more about his family in England. His death was brought about by most unhappy circumstances. A few years since, a French detective came up into the mountains, and began to make inquiries about Joseph Leboutillier. The Kabyles heard of it, and warned Yusuf; they felt sure the authorities had somehow learned a deserter in open war on active service was skulking among their mountains, and had determined to make a stern example of him. So poor Yusuf fled to a cave on the Djurjura."

"Just below the summit of Lalla Khadidja?" Le Marchant asked, eagerly.

The Father nodded. "You know it, then?" he said. "Yes, the place was there. He remained in that cave in hiding for more than a week, while the French detective, an inquisitive fellow, went everywhere about, peering and prying, and asking for news of him, under the pretence that he wanted it for a friendly purpose. But the Kabyles were too cunning to be taken in like that; they denied having ever heard of any such deserter. So in the end the detective went back again to Algiers empty-handed, and poor Yusuf, who had been supplied with food meanwhile by the Kabyles, ventured to come down again one dark night to visit his dead wife's village."

"And then?" Le Marchant inquired.

"Why, then, the weather being very stormy, and the rocks wet, the poor fellow, weak with exposure, slipped and fell on a precipice of the Djurjura, and was taken up stone dead by his friends, and buried in the cemetery on the side of the mountain. So that was how he never came to give final directions about his daughter to anybody; and as Père Paternoster knew all these particulars under the seal of religion, he could not divulge them or claim the girl for a Christian, as he would have wished to do; so she has been brought up ever since by the Amine, her uncle."

The simple story touched Le Marchant profoundly. There was something so pathetic in this roughly-drawn picture of that double outcast flying from the offended laws of two great countries, one after the other, and taking refuge at last in a miserable rock-shelter on the summit of a wild and snow-clad mountain, that his imagination was deeply stirred by the plaintive incidents. He tried to find out more from the old priest by questioning; but he soon discovered that the substance of his tale had all been told, and that the Father had little more than comment and conjecture to add to this, his first hasty summary. Père Paternoster could have told more, he was sure; but Père Paternoster was dead and buried, and nobody else knew much, if anything, about the whole matter.

They would have risen to leave when the interview was fini hed, but the father, with old-fashioned religious hospitality, begged them to stop and share his *déjeuner*. "It is not much," he said, with an apologetic shrug and a deprecatory gesture of his open palms—"an omelette—for it's Friday—and a morsel of dried fish, washed down with a little blue wine of the country; but such as it is, messieurs, I trust you will do me the honour to partake of it."

"We shall be only too charmed, *mon père*," Le Marchant replied, truthfully. "We haven't sat down at a civilised table, or eaten bread, or tasted wine, since we came to Kabylie. It will be a welcome relief to us from that eternal *cous-cous*."

In five minutes, the breakfast duly appeared on the table—an omelette which might have made even Madame l'Administratrice herself less poignantly regret the Parisian cuisine, some *croquettes* of dry cod most daintily flavoured, and a bottle of good red wine from the White Fathers' own rich vineyards at the *Maison Carrée*—to all which the two young Englishmen, long strangers to such luxury, and inured to Diego's rough-and-ready methods of out-door cookery, did ample justice. The bread, in particular, was highly commended—nice white little *petits pains* that would have done honour to the Viennese bakeries in Paris. Vernon Blake praised it so loudly, to the disparagement of *cous-cous*, that when they left the mission house that day's batch to take back with them to the village. "I'll roll the loaves up in paper," he said, "and your Kabyle can carry them.

Let me see; what have I got in the way of a newspaper? Ah, here's yesterday's *Dépêches Algériennes*."

"Better still," Le Marchant said, "for to tell you the truth, though we get letters occasionally when the villagers are going down to market at Tizi-Ouzou, we haven't seen a newspaper of any sort for the last six weeks."

So they returned to Beni-Merzoug with their bread and their paper, Le Marchant at least not a little saddened by the painful history of Meriem's father.

Meriem herself was waiting at the tent to meet them as they returned. "I want you to see what I can do, Eustace," she cried to Le Marchant, with almost childish delight. "Vernon has lent me one of his books to try on, and I think now I can read English."

Le Marchant took the book from her hand incredulously; it was a paper-covered edition of a popular novel. The girl glanced over his shoulder, and to his great surprise spelt out several lines, one after the other, with tolerable correctness. She made a hash of the proper names, to be sure, and of the long words that did not yet enter into her now daily-widening English vocabulary; but as to words that she knew, she read them at sight with an ease and rapidity that fairly took Le Marchant's breath away.

"How on earth did you learn to do this, Meriem?" he cried, astonished. "It's wonderful! wonderful!"

Meriem looked up at him with not unbecoming conscious pride. "I was so ashamed of myself," she said, "that day when I couldn't read my father's English name in Vernon's picture, that I made up my mind I wouldn't wait another day or another minute without beginning to learn the letters of my father's language. So I borrowed one of Vernon's books, without telling you about it, and found a girl of our people who could teach me the names of all the letters, because, you see, she'd been taught by the priests at the school of St. Cloud, and they're the same as the French ones, though they sound a little different. I could read Kabyle already, of course, in Arabic letters, that I learnt for the Koran, and I think when you know how to read one language it must always be easy to read any other one. Besides, I thought I should be ashamed not to know if ever—well, if ever I should happen to go to England."

Le Marchant smiled a pitying smile, and answered nothing.

"Besides, the book itself is so interesting," Meriem went on, in an ecstasy. "It tells you about how people live in England. And now that I've read it, do you know, Eustace, I think I should like to live in England; the people seem all so peaceable and good there."

"Why didn't you tell Vernon first?" Le Marchant asked, with a sidelong glance at the beautiful girl.

Meriem hesitated. "Because . . . I don't know why . . . I can't explain it . . . but somehow I was shy of telling Vernon."

There was a long pause, during which neither of them said anything to one another. Then Le Marchant, raising his eyes unsteadily from the ground with a stifled sigh, said, suddenly, "Was your father a good man, Meriem?"

Meriem started. "He was the very best man that ever lived," she answered, earnestly, with the full fervour of confirmed conviction.

"And yet," Le Marchant mused, half to himself, "the English wanted to imprison him for forgery, and the French would have liked to shoot him for desertion."

"Perhaps that was because he was so very good," Meriem answered, simply. "Don't you think, Eustace, good people are always the least understood and the most persecuted? Why, even the blessed Prophet himself had to fly from Mecca to avoid being killed by the wickedness of the people."

Le Marchant could not resist an amused smile. The incongruity of the words on such English lips seemed so grotesque as to be almost ridiculous.

(To be continued)



We do not suppose that Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams would claim for his two volumes, "The White King; or, Charles the First" (George Redway), that they form a work marked by striking originality of treatment, or by the possession, on the part of the author, of any original material. He has simply taken the period of "The Great Rebellion," and treated of it in pleasant, readily readable fashion, grouping it around men and women—a picturesque life and manners—around Literature and Art. Indeed, he places the facts of the time that are most worthy of memory neatly and clearly before the reader; and, whether he is treating of Lady Fanshawe or of Sir John Suckling, or of any other charming dame or clever cavalier of a stirring period, he contrives to strike a note which takes his reader sympathetically along. It may be news to some folk if we observe, in connection with the title chosen by Mr. Davenport Adams for his work, that white has been held to be a dangerous colour for England from a remote past—some say since the days of Merlin. The "White Ship" certainly brought ill-luck to Henry I's reckless son, while the White Rose was not the one ultimately fortunate. Charles I. was, by accident, clothed in white at his Coronation, and this circumstance appears to have struck superstitious contemporaries as foreboding mischief. Mr. Adams tells very fairly the story of Charles's unfortunate life, and brings out well his want of judgment, and of frank recognition of the inevitable. He might have died in bed, and a strong ruler, if he had not thrown away more than once his best chances; while there was about him the same want of frankness with opponents that makes Mr. Gladstone remarkable—a quality of which Cromwell also, by the way, served himself largely with his friends.

A handsome, beautifully printed, illustrated, and bound volume contains the last journals of Lady Brassey, and is published by Messrs. Longmans. It bears on its title page, charmingly illuminated with a sunset ocean scene, the following:—"The Last Voyage," with "Annie Brassey" in lithography, and the date 1887 above these lines:—

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld;
Sad as the last which reddens over one,
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
Sad, so fresh, the days that are no more!

"The Last Voyage" will have a pathetic interest for all who have travelled in the imagination with Lady Brassey before, an interest rendered none the less by the touching letter in which Lord Brassey describes to his children the life of their mother. "And now I come," he writes, "to my engagement to your mother. How sweet it is to remember her as she was in those young days; in which, to the end of her life, never flagged. She enjoyed with a glad heart every pleasure. She was happy at a ball, happy on her horse, happy on the grouse-moor, devoted to her father, a favourite with all her relatives, and very, very sweet to me. Gladness of heart, thankfulness for every pleasure, a happy disposition to make the best of what Providence has ordered were her characteristics."

These journals deal mainly with India, the Malay Archipelago, and Australasia. For Lady Brassey's impressions of the places she saw in her last months of life we must refer our readers to "The Last Voyage," which will assuredly not disappoint them.

Both a substantial and an amusing book is Mr. Oliver Wardrop's "The Kingdom of Georgia: Notes of Travel in a Land of Wine, Women, and Song" (Sampson Low). The Armenians seem to be terribly unpopular with the people of Trans-Caucasia. One of the local proverbs runs: "A Greek will cheat three Jews; but an Armenian will cheat three Greeks." The Armenian suffers occasionally for his severe business sharpness. "During my stay in Tiflis," writes Mr. Wardrop, "a certain wild young prince, Avalov, had made himself popular by slaughtering a few Armenians. His latest exploit made so much stir that a prosecution was talked of. But Avalov was no dweller in towns: he spent his time merrily out in the greenwood, and it would have needed a company of Kazaks to arrest him. While the authorities were deliberating, the prince sent a polite message to say that, if they tried to make matters unpleasant for him, he would, with God's help, devote the remainder of his natural life to running amuck of every 'salted' Armenian (a reference to their habit of salting children as soon as they are born) that crossed his path. Another young nobleman got three years' imprisonment for 'perforating' an insulting usurer, and the cruelty of the sentence was much spoken of; a lady said to me, 'Just fancy, that fine young fellow imprisoned among common criminals for killing aascal of an Armenian,' as who should say for killing a dog." Where the men are so very martial, it is pleasant to learn that the women do not belie their reputation for exceeding fairness, and Mr. Wardrop endorses the elder Dumas' saying:—"La Grèce, c'est Galatée encore marbre; la Géorgie, c'est Galatée devenue énergie." The author does not see why Georgia should not become a popular resort as Norway or Switzerland. What may attract some readers to his book is that, in addition to appended historical, literary, and political sketches, he supplies specimens of the national music. Moreover, the volume is enriched with maps and plentiful illustrations.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt reproduces in very handsome volume the series of attractive and excellently-illustrated papers—the artist being Mr. Frederick Remington—which appeared in the "Century" under the title "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail" (Fisher Unwin). He makes very vivid to us the life and scenery of those great grazing lands of the West which lie in what is known as the arid belt which stretches from British America on the North to Mexico on the South, through the middle of the United States. It includes New Mexico, part of Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, and the western portion of Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota. The ways of cowboys are described admirably, and in this connection it may not be known that cowboys are probably the only working-men in the world who invariably wear gloves, buck-skin gauntlets being much preferred, as otherwise the ropes would soon take every particle of skin off their hands. Both pen and pencil unite to good purpose here to portray effectively what Mr. Browning has apostrophised as "the wild joys of living."

Some more of his essays—the last essays of Richard Jefferies—have been collected into a volume by his widow under the title of "Field and Hedgerow" (Longmans). They are culled from the columns and pages of different newspapers and magazines, and contain many fine specimens of the author's best manner in translating rural sights and sounds into words, making them articulate and present to the imagination. We will quote one pleasant passage, which is fairly typical of the rest, from "An English Deer Park":—"If any one climbed the wall from the park, and looked across at the plain of cornfields in early spring, everywhere there would be seen brown dots in the air—above the first slender green blades; above the freshly-turned dark furrows; above the distant plough, the share of which, polished like a silver mirror by friction with the clods, reflects the sunshine, flashing a heliograph message of plenty from the earth; everywhere brown dots, and each a breathing creature, birds ceaselessly singing, and all unable to set forth their joy. Swift as is the vibration of their throats, they cannot pour the notes fast enough to express their eager welcome. As a shower falls from the sky, so falls the song of the larks. There is no end to them; they are everywhere; over every acre away across the plain to the downs, and upon the highest hill. Every crust of English bread has been sung over at its birth in the green blade by a lark."

A lively, rattling book of sport and adventure is "Powder, Spur, and Spear" (Chapman), which the author, Mr. J. Moray Brown, late 7th Cameron Highlanders, further describes as "A Sporting Medley." The admirers of his preceding work, "Shikar Sketches," will not be disappointed in this one. It covers much ground, from rabbit-shooting at home to snipe and teal killing on the Indus. Panther and tiger talk is varied with more terrible supernatural matter, acent the Spectre Stag of Viziamah. "Powder, Spur, and Spear," is rough, racy, and readable; but the author should keep his contempt for Baboos and an admiring British public for his first political essay.

It is not too exaggerated a praise to say that the Hon. Ralph Abercromby has given us a really delightful book in "Seas and Skies in Many Latitudes; or, Wanderings in Search of Weather" (Edward Stanford). The author has been almost everywhere, and tells us just those very things we are always interested in knowing, in simple and happily-phrased language. When describing beaten tracks, he has, as he informs us in his preface, only given enough narrative to bind the subject together, but when giving an account of less well-known countries, such as Fiji or Borneo, he has added more complete descriptions. Mr. Abercromby went in search especially of what most folk flee from—hurricanes—and so, of course, hurricanes declined to oblige him. Though he selected the hurricane-season for visiting Mauritius, and sailed all through the China Seas in hope of meeting with a typhoon, he was not successful in his search. However, he has managed to collect a vast amount of novel information in different hurricane countries. The author finds time to enunciate a theory on the connection between religion and climate, which he explains interestingly, and in a way satisfactory to himself. Still he does not find it easy to understand why the area now covered by the creed of Islam is with only one important exception confined to dry climates. He was also struck with the excellence of the musical performance given by the repulsive-looking convict band in the *Place* at Bourail, in New Caledonia, and with reference to it he makes the following striking statement:—"Altogether it was a sad and pitiable sight, but is it not a curious commentary on the old and new civilisation, that the best land south of the Equator is found among the outcasts of France, and not among the freemen of Australia? The social and political life of Australia could produce neither the criminals nor the *voltes* of New Caledonia." Although Mr. Abercromby has a keen eye for habits and customs, it is on the heavens and the sea that his observant critical gaze is mainly fixed, and it is their phenomena, with their meanings, which he most agreeably describes and makes present to us.

We were able to praise "Letters in Crete," by Mr. Charles Edwards, and we see no reason to think less favourably of his "Rides and Studies in the Canary Islands" (Fisher Unwin). It is a book to be commended to the cosy arm-chair climber, and, as the author observes, there is worse pastime than climbing a mountain with one's feet on the fender. It is painful to learn, however, that Anglomania has so far touched Santa Cruz as to produce among the infatuated youth of the place a mimicry of the impudent impudence of the "masher." "I cannot go into my hotel," says the

author, "without passing two or three Spanish young men in large check coats and trousers, an attitude of supreme impertinence, their hats cocked on one side, and the crook of their walking-canes resting on their molars." Mr. Edwards is pleasantly descriptive of the islands and their scenery, supplies interesting information about the Guanches (the Canarian aborigines), and offers useful advice and hints to intending visitors.

An excellent introduction to the study of the physical phenomena of our globe appears from the pen of Mr. Edward Hull, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Director of the Geological Survey of Ireland, Professor of Geology in the Royal College of Science, Dublin. This is "A Text-Book of Physiography or Physical Geography" (C. W. Deacon and Co.). The work is provided with plenty of coloured plates, maps, and illustrations elucidatory of the subject. Dr. Hull starts with a brief account of the earth as a member of the solar system, though he avoids trespassing unnecessarily on the domain of Astronomy. In the same way, he has something to say about Geology. Having thus cleared his ground, he proceeds to the consideration of the physical phenomena observable on the surface of the earth as at present constituted. He has produced a work which should be useful and instructive both to young and old, to those beginning to learn, and to those who would reformulate their knowledge.

The result of more or less solitary wanderings in Sweden, of soliloquising and communings with nature, is embodied by Mr. H. Ogram Matuce in "A Wanderer" (Kegan Paul). He writes as one, emancipated from long desk-toil in a city, thrown suddenly among the delights of the woods and the brooks, the forests and the mountains of a new Northern land, enjoying its short summer, and being sensitive, sympathetic, and poetically-minded, he yields to the full charm of his moments and of living, and his reveries are enthusiastic—perhaps too enthusiastic. Still, he will give pleasure to many nature-lovers, and to some of those who find solace in the writings of the late Mr. Richard Jefferies.

We have also received Mr. Richard Guerndale's "The Poker Book: How to Play the Fascinating Game of Draw Poker with Success. Together with the Atlantic Laws of the Game, and Notes and Explanations thereon" (Upcott Gill); Mr. R. Denny Uirlin's "The Income Tax: A Brief Summary of the Law," with Forms, Precedents, and Practical Information respecting Assessment, Abatement, Exemption, Appeal, and Repayment, by Mr. Joseph Shearwood, published by Messrs. C. W. Deacon and Co.; Dr. C. E. Taylor's "Leaflets from the Danish West Indies," published by the author at St. Thomas; Mr. George Whale's "Greater London and Its Government: Manual for Electors, Citizens, Ratepayers, &c., with Financial and Other Tables" (Fisher Unwin); and Mr. R. Menzies Ferguson's "Quiet Folk" (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.).

THE BLACK TRACKER

THE Black Tracker is an invaluable adjunct to the police force in Australia. Readers of two or three generations ago, when Fenimore Cooper's novels stood so much nearer in point of time to the early days of American history which formed the basis of their structure, will remember how fascinating were the scenes depicting the feats of the Indian savage on the trail of his enemies. These subtle instincts, common to all savage races, are to-day, in Australia, utilised with much success in the detection of crime. A certain number of black trackers, selected from the native aborigines, are attached to the police department of the respective colonies. They are regularly incorporated in the police organisation as to dress and discipline, but are usually stationed at some up-country station away from the deteriorating influences of a city life, but where a telegraph and the near railway make their services readily available. It is surprising how highly developed and acute are the senses of these aborigines in following up clues to which ordinary people are insensible. Doubtless the influences of civilisation, and the impossibility of any of these fast-dwindling tribes preserving any longer a life of undivided contact with nature, will in time deprive them of that almost preternatural acuteness to sights and sounds invisible and inaudible to the white man.

A short time ago a remarkable illustration of the detective powers of the black tracker occurred in Victoria. A small well-to-do farmer living in the suburbs of Melbourne—a bachelor occupying one of those bungalow houses common in the suburbs of the large cities—was cruelly murdered in his bed during the night. The crime—which had evidently not been perpetrated for the sake of plunder, had clearly been the work of some one knowing the premises, and the habits of the inmates—was effected in the following manner. The head of the victim's bed stood immediately under one of the windows of the one-storied dwelling, while a lad—his nephew—occupied a bed in another part of the room. In the darkness of night, the window was gently raised, the barrel of a gun inserted, and pointed downwards towards the sleeper, and fired, and then the window closed. The police were unable to discover any clue whatever, and the black trackers were telegraphed for. On their arrival by an early train they examined carefully the ground outside for footmarks which might lead to or from the scene of the murder, and speedily found a track which they henceforth pursued through every obstacle with unerring certainty. Their greatest difficulty in such cases arises from newly-fallen rain, or not being sent for early enough. They had not, however, on this occasion, any complications of that nature. At one place, far away from the scene of the murder, while pursuing the track, they suddenly stopped, and then turned off at right angles towards a sandbank on the left of the path, where they pointed to two small circular perforations in the sand, evidently made by a gun being thrust into the sand to remove all traces of recent discharge. Returning to the road, they again picked up the tracks, which ultimately led straight to the house of a brother of the murdered man, whom they found in bed. Disregarding all protestations they searched the house, and behind a door found a gun bearing unmistakeable traces of the sand-bank into which it had been thrust. Corroborative evidence came to light of the most conclusive nature. There had been ill-blood between the brothers of long-standing, and the accused had threatened revenge on account of his dissatisfaction with his share of the division of some land they had formerly jointly-owned. The case was fully tried, eliciting every detail, and conviction and execution followed. S. T.

THE ISLE OF DOGS

THE "Isle of Dogs" is now altogether dreary and unlovely. It matters not whether you approach it from Limehouse by Bridge Road, and walk along the uninviting stretch of monotonous embankment which leads to Millwall, and which will, if you are persevering enough, take you round the whole island; or whether you come from Poplar or Blackwall, and make the circuit by way of Manchester Road through Cubitt Town. Nor is it easy to avoid unpleasant impressions by going by train. It is difficult under any conditions to get up much enthusiasm about this dense dock-town. From Limehouse to Blackwall the whole "island" is thickly crowded with docks and dockyards, works and warehouses. The West India Import and Export Docks, the South Dock and the Millwall Inner and Outer Docks alone occupy more than half its area. The remainder is taken up by workshops and factories innumerable, and the houses of that motley multitude of human beings, who for sundry or divers reasons, doubtless go and sufficient in themselves,

elect to live here, as elsewhere, on the banks of the Thames, or rather below them. For, although some of the streets in this unsavoury district, like the long straggling street of Millwall, are on artificially raised grounds, from which one looks down to the river on the one side and the still lower Marsh on the other, many, like parts of Cubitt Town, are below high-water mark, if not below the bed of Father Thames. And the inhabitants, besides disadvantages of climate and situation, feel very acutely all the variations of that most sensitive of gauges, the commercial thermometer. Besides the shipbuilding yards—the unfortunate *Great Eastern* was built here thirty years ago—and the large number of industries connected with the shipping interest (which have all suffered severely for years past from the all-pervading depression of our Commercial Marine), there are miscellaneous manufactory whose "hands" are sadly pinched in bad times.

Perhaps the most thriving of all the industries which are centred here are the cement works, commonly averred to be the largest in the country. Then there are terra cotta works, and, thanks to high Art, terra cotta is still in demand; and here they make plaster of Paris out of Newark stone. But Poplar Marsh has always had a bad name, and it is Poplar Marsh that is commonly known as the Isle of Dogs. Before the redistribution of parishes it belonged to Stepney, and the fact explains much of its traditional history. The Thames has few more curious windings than the horse-shoe curve formed by Limehouse Reach, Greenwich Reach, and Blackwall Reach; and it is the little peninsula lying between these arms that goes by the ill-omened *sobriquet* "the Isle of Dogs." The Marsh is only a mile wide, and must always have been damp and unwholesome.

It seems, nevertheless, once upon a time to have been famous as a grazing ground. The grass was, we are assured, then the richest in the country, raising the largest sheep and oxen. There is a story extant, according to which a butcher undertook to furnish the Blackwall Club with a leg of mutton weighing twenty-eight pounds every Saturday throughout the year, the sheep to be fed on the Marsh, and the penalty for non-performance, the price of the contract. Not the least suspicious part of the story is the curious taste in butcher's meat it evinces. When every allowance is made for the quaint gastronomic customs of the eighteenth century, it is still hardly credible that any sane body of men should have voluntarily undertaken to eat and pay for such unappetising fare as an overgrown leg of mutton for fifty-two successive Saturdays. This fabulous fodder was, too, we are told a "great restorative of distempered beasts."

Here, moreover, as at Purfleet, Grays, Dagenham, and Tilbury, was found a subterranean forest. And the huge trunks and tangled maze of roots and branches unearthed when the dock-works were in progress show that the Marsh must once have been the scene of some violent seismic convolution which engulfed, in parts *in situ*, a primæval forest. And it is probable that the inundations to which the district has ever since been subject enriched the soil at a time when the event was more welcome than it is to-day. Diluvial deposits, however welcome on grazing-grounds, work sad havoc in cottage basements and back yards.

Nobody seems to know how the "Isle of Dogs" (to use the quaint orthography of the sixteenth century) got its name. There is no historical warrant for the theory that the Plantagenet kings, or any kings, kept their kennels here; although it is easy to understand that a pack of deerhounds, howling day and night, would be quite enough to give the Marsh its unlucky appellation. Nor is there any good and sufficient authority for Stripey's story that a waterman once murdered a man here, and that the deed was discovered from the murdered man's dog swimming again and again over to Greenwich, and returning to watch by his master's corpse. The story, of course, has the inevitable *dénouement* that the dog detected the murderer, who was arrested, condemned—on canine evidence—and executed. The notion, too, that the name is a corruption of the "Isle of Ducks" is purely gratuitous, for the present form certainly dates back for three hundred years. There is, however, some evidence that there was once a small island off the Middlesex shore, opposite the Royal Dockyard, and that here a large number of dead dogs were cast up by the tide. This unsavoury theory gains an added force from the fact, that at the present time canine corpses can be seen in unpleasant numbers lying on the mud at Millwall. It is easy to see that the name of the island might spread to the Marsh, where there was once an "Isle of Dogs Farm" and that, gradually, the two became one. But although it was long a peninsula, the Isle of Dogs has been veritably an island since the beginning of the century, a canal cut by the Corporation, later amalgamated with the docks, severing it completely from the shore. The navigation round the island has always been regarded as difficult and dangerous, and the unsavoury Limehouse Cut, or Bromley Cut, which was begun in Elizabeth's reign, was constructed in order that the barges on the Lea might reach the City without going down to the mouth of the river at Blackwall, and winding their way round the island. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that there should have been schemes innumerable to simplify and shorten this tortuous waterway. It was a natural sequel of the battle that was so long fought over the old privileges of Legal Quays and Sufferance Wharfs. Between the old Corporation Canal and the present docks is a long list of abortive schemes, of which those suggested by Mr. Willey Reveley were, perhaps, the boldest and most ingenious. These proposed to do away with the island, as an impediment to the navigation of the river, by cutting a wide channel through it from Limehouse to Blackwall, leaving the reaches round it as a magnificent "Greenwich Dock," of nearly five hundred acres, with flood-gates at each entrance to the new course of the river. If, as there is every reason to think, the Thames would have taken kindly to this new bed, floods in the Isle of Dogs would have become a thing of the past. It was chiefly the superior wisdom of the Trinity Brethren which then condemned and frustrated the scheme as impracticable, without injury to the river.

The Corporation, too, long fought stoutly against all plans that seemed likely to have the effect of removing the shipping from the City, and so destroying what was then a civic monopoly. The outcry ran to a great height, the "Tackle-house porters," "City" porters, carters, and watermen joining loudly in the *jeremiad*. The West India Docks were, however, begun in 1800, and in 1829 the Corporation Canal was sold to the Company, and converted into the South Dock. Once constructed, these docks were highly favoured by the Government. For twenty years all vessels from the West Indies were compelled to discharge here. The wall surrounding them was, too, built by the Government, at a cost of 30,000/-, and troops were sent to guard them, some of the old guard-houses still remaining as a memorial of those stirring times.

But we need not tell the story of their chequered fortunes, nor need we now pause to discuss the crisis through which they are passing. It is enough to say that all the changes and chances of the shipping industry act and react with dangerous intensity upon the dockside population.

Pepys has given the Isle of Dogs the right to claim a place in literature, for he tells us how, on one occasion, on his way to a wedding in Essex, he crossed by the ferry from Deptford to the "unlucky Isle of Dogs," only to find that there was no coach there. The dismay of the genial diarist may be gathered from his plaintive lament at having to wait three hours "in a dull place, the morning cool, and the wind fresh;" and he does not forget to tell us that he was in his "new coloured silk suit, and coat trimmed with gold buttons, and gold broad lace round his hand; very rich and fine." He was late for the wedding; but the day had its



On the Horns of a Dilemma — "Dangerous to Cross the Field; Very Fervidous Animal, Miss."

AN OTTER HUNT IN THE VALE OF CLYWD, NORTH WALES

British Library

compensations, for he had the privilege of kissing the bride under the interesting circumstances then in vogue.

A little later Pepys came this way to Deptford from Hackney, and this time found no ferry boat. "Oares" were called, but when they came from Greenwich, the party, "being mighty merry," took it into their heads to "sleep all night in the coach in the Isle of Dogs." It was a curious freak, for the island, then shared with Bristol, the Isle of Scilly, Jamaica, and the Marshalsea the doubtful privilege of having a prison establishment, and was, as later, the chosen rendezvous of "mudlarks" and the whole *genus* of river pirates. But that the "unlucky isle" at no period in its history possessed a worse name than it does to-day is shown by the melancholy stories which have been made public as to the conditions under which its unhappy inhabitants have to live. Modern improvements have failed to stem the waters of the Thames, and floods nowadays are more disastrous than they were a hundred years ago, for in the place of the old Marsh we have a populous town, and the deposits of the river, as we have said, however good for herbage they may have been, are deadly to human health and life. Much, there is reason to think, might be done by an improved system of flood-gates, if none of the old schemes to which we have adverted can be considered practicable. These are not days when we can be content to sit idle while a large riverside colony is being periodically flooded out of house and home.

W. M. C.



THE chief value of "The Dead Leman" (1 vol.: Swan Sonnen-schein and Co.), in which Messrs. Andrew Lang and Paul Sylvester have rendered into English Gautier's "La Morte Amoureuse" and other French *contes*, attaches to a preface in which the authors discuss the reasons for the notable deficiency of English literature in the most fascinating and artistic of all the forms of fiction. We believe the whole question to be surrounded by a vicious circle, from there is absolutely no escape. People do not care for short stories in England, because they are, as a rule, of such poor quality; they are of poor quality because they are ill-paid; they are ill-paid because they are of poor quality; they are of poor quality because people do not care for them—and so on, *de novo*. In any case, their place is not likely to be supplied by translations of *contes* whereof the merit evaporates, as Messrs. Lang and Sylvester frankly admit, in translation. Their renderings from the French are as perfect as possible, and they may claim all the merit due to brilliant *tours de force*. None the less, the fact remains that a *conte* worth translating is no more to be translated than a poem.

Investigators of this subject would learn something by comparing E. B. Walford's full-grown novel in three volumes, "A Stiff-necked Generation" (Blackwood and Sons), with the same author's collection of short stories which we had occasion to notice quite recently. In the stories, one and all of which had the usual air of pot-boilers, she had evidently brought both the quantity and the quality of her work to an irreducible minimum: in the novel she has done her best—whereas, from an artistic point of view, fineness and finish of work should increase in proportion as the size of the canvas diminishes. "A Stiff-necked Generation" is one of E. B. Walford's decided successes, in that quiet, domestic, and minutely analytic style which she has made her own. No doubt the feelings of the various characters are strained throughout to a tension beyond what ordinary life could maintain; but the circumstances as well as the characters are peculiar enough to render the strain inevitable, and high-pitched enough to make them bearable. The solitary exaggeration is the case of that rough diamond Major Gilbert, whose superficial ill-breeding is impossible in the case of a man who had ever dined at mess, and mixed with any society save that of hogs on equal terms. For the rest, the novel is decidedly interesting as a study of human nature, is occasionally dramatic, and is not without elements of lightness and brightness to relieve the general tension.

"Red Towers," by Eleanor C. Price (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is a rather uncomfortable story, told in an interesting manner, and even with a good deal of charm. By uncomfortable we mean, among other things, that, more distinctly than usual, one is made to feel that the end is the real beginning. That, of course, is the ordinary objection to novels of the old school, which used to end with marriage, as if a wedding were the close of all the interest and romance of life; but at least the old-fashioned way was to take future happiness in a way not to be counted upon by a mercenary heroine whom her lover and final husband himself very truly calls as cold as a fish and as hard as a stone. On the whole her first husband, a French gentleman of the chivalrous type, more frequent, happily, in fact than in fiction, has the best of things by accidentally dying before there was any time for real mischief between his wife and the only man for whom she was capable of caring. Achille de Montmirail and his daughter Antoinette are very, very noble and sympathetic characters indeed; and altogether we are glad to find French portraiture which is not the mere conventional reflection of novels and newspapers, or hazy impressions of the boulevards. "Red Towers" may be recommended as above the average of three-volume novels in all essential matters.

When a young man, of no more than twenty years old, goes out to India only to find himself snubbed, insulted, and bullied by every official superior with whom he comes in contact, and finally the victim of a general conspiracy of the whole service to annihilate him, one is disposed to think that there must be something decidedly wrong about that young man. Those whom everybody insults merely get back what they give, and therefore what they deserve. Such, however, is not the opinion of Louis D'Aguilar Jackson, who, in two deadly volumes entitled "The Bulbul and the Black Snake" (Spencer Blackett) tells how one Leif Hardson was persecuted on account of his countless virtues, at last got four months' imprisonment on a false charge of manslaughter trumped up by the authorities, and found himself unable to obtain justice even in England. "The Bulbul" is India; "The Black Snake" British administration. The period relates to about thirty years ago; but the people and things it deals with are quite recent enough to have excited a good deal of bitterness had the book been in the least degree readable. As it is, the volumes read exactly like the production of an Anglo-Indian or Anglo-Colonial, with a grievance that can get nobody to believe in or care for; and what that means most people know only too well. As for the Snake, it is coloured so prodigiously black as to be beyond recognition. The Indian Civil Service must surely have contained, at the period in question, one or two persons who were not concentrated essence of meanness, stupidity, vanity, greed, treachery, hypocrisy, cruelty, and general depravity.

The second of Mr. Tracy Turnerelli's two stories, "A Russian Princess" and "A Russian Ghost Story" (1 vol.: Hansom Cab Publishing Company), has already, according to the author himself, received the warmly-expressed approbation of Queen Victoria and the Royal Family, nearly all Dukes and Bishops, most other peers (especially Lord Selborne), the Diplomatic world, both British and foreign, men of such opposite taste as Mr. Gladstone and the late Lord Beaconsfield, and other persons of distinction to the number of a thousand. The first story has been previously recommended for publication by the editors of twenty leading newspapers,

who have read it in manuscript. Under such circumstances ordinary criticism evidently becomes an impertinent superfluity. Admirers of Mr. Turnerelli's style will be pleased to find a portrait of their favourite author by way of frontispiece, much personal matter concerning him of a laudatory kind, and a great many blank pages on which to record their own sympathies with so many persons of rank and title.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"A MODERN FAUST" (Kegan Paul) is not a title chosen by the Hon. Roden Noel with a view to suggest competition with Marlowe or Goethe. He portrays, however, a denizen of our modern world, with nature and aspirations somewhat similar to those of the famous semi-mythical and representative personage; and so he has ventured on a not inappropriate name. The phantasmagory, for the poem partakes of this nature, is intended to pass in a dream; and so Mr. Noel's Satan is chiefly, though not entirely, the man's own worse self. The form is blank verse, interspersed with choruses. Some of these are full of swing, music, and deep suggestion—notably one beginning, "Pan is not dead: he lives for ever!" Many of the shorter poems are very tender in sentiment and pathetic in tone, notably one addressed "To My Mother," where occur the lines:

Ah, and though unloved hours may wrong the living,
We never think unkindly of the dead!

Mr. Frederick George Scott has written a small volume of verse, "The Soul's Quest, and Other Poems" (Kegan Paul), which should obtain popularity, at least in the religious world. "The Soul's Quest" is somewhat mystical; but, for all that, its melody and intense devotional feeling commend it. There are many charming quotable verses in it. Certain of the hymns will probably find favour for churches; probably the one beginning—

I heard a voice at midnight, and it cried:
"O weary heart! O soul for which I died!
Why wilt thou spurn My wounded hands and side?"

Those who have admired the previous works of Dr. Schwartz will not be disappointed with "A Sheaf of Sonnets" (Remington). He has not rigidly adhered to recognised rules, but he will be forgiven this by all but extreme purists for the dignity, power, and felicity of expression which characterise his verse dealing, as it does, with numberless psychological problems. Among the happiest of the sonnets is "Separation," where are these lines

Surely this consciousness of pain redeems
Somewhat the very sacrifice we fear."

"Songs and Tales for Children" (Remington) is a bright, humorous volume of short poems, by Mrs. Horace Dobell, which should suit admirably those for whom it is intended. The morals are cheerily given, and of the right sort.

Mr. Walter Scott publishes an anthology of English fairy poetry, selected and arranged by Mr. Arthur Edward Waite, with an introduction, under the title, "Songs and Poems of Fairy Land." Mr. Waite has done his work admirably, and nothing could be better than the half-humorously-intended division of the subject. He has looked for the best poems only, and found them.

We have before us the third edition of "Southern Songs" (Juta, Cape Town), by Mr. D. C. F. Moodie. Despite its apparent circulation, and the author's

Oh, for the pow'r of Byron or of Moore—
To glow with this, and with the former soar.

we do not think he will ever see the sunrise from the top of Parnassus.

Mr. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, publishes "The Leper," a poem, by Mr. James Ross, which, except for a certain fluency and facility, has little in it to atone for the painful repulsiveness and gloom of the subject. Still, Mr. Ross does tell a dreary story lucidly and glowingly.

Mr. A. H. Bullen has found appreciation of his "Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age" (Nimmo), for we have before us a new and revised edition. As he rightly remarks, in Elizabethan times the art of song-writing was carried to perfection, and he has earned and obtained apparently the gratitude of those who love the graceful old poems.

AN OTTER HUNT IN NORTH WALES

LLANFAIR-TALHAIRN is a picturesque little village in the heart of West Denbighshire. It possesses a pretty church, a pretty inn, pretty houses, and, best of all, a pretty prattling river which a pretty bridge spans. "To-morrow morning, at half-past ten," our faithful Irish retainer had brought word to us the night before, and exactly at half-past ten, on that clear, bright, September morning, we drove up the incline of Llanfair bridge. The famous pack of otter hounds, of which Major the Hon. Geoffrey Hill is the Master, is well known in all the districts of Wales and the South of Ireland where the wily otter can find a refuge and a livelihood. A fine picture that group on the bridge makes—the whips and members of the hunt in their blue serge costumes, red stockings, and caps, the tall commanding form of the Master, with beard grizzly as an otter's hide, the hounds eagerly howling for the fray, and the heterogeneous mixture of humanity, like so many camp-followers of an army, which always finds time to follow the hounds.

All the gamekeepers within a ten-mile radius have assembled, and with the ne'er-do-wells who are out of work, and who don't want any when there is a chance of sport, eagerly discuss the various "points" of the hounds, and the prospect of a good run. The Master moves to a path that leads down to the river's bank, the pack, whips, and all of us follow, and we are off down the stream at a pace that would do credit to a professional sprinter. And after a slight delay we strike the first bridge, Pont-y-Geirion, along with the rest of the field. A five minutes' breather gives time for a look round to note the effect of the five miles' run. The flushed faces of the ladies, their gay apparel now drabbed with mud and water, the total absence of conversation on the part of the men, clearly tell that the pace is not one which they care to joke about. We start on again, for the Master means to have sport, if he has to go fifteen miles for it. We are well up this time, and are all eagerly hoping for the welcome music which tells of a find.

"Rusticus expectat dum defluit amnis." Yes, he was standing on the bank heedlessly contemplating the stream. A sudden chorus from the hounds, who now completely surround him, rudely rouses him from his cogitation, and Rusticus in his terror misses his footing, and takes an involuntary bath. He will not in a hurry again commit the unpardonable offence of heading the hounds. But there is a "find," the "drag" is warm, and down the river we go the pace, getting faster and faster. Through bog and brake, through mud and fen, spurred by that excitement which those only who have experienced it, we follow on.

Presently there is a pause, then in full cry the hounds make for a mill-stream which flows out of the river to meet it again a mile below. Back again they come right across that meadow to the main stream. The shrill blast of the Master's horn and the continued music of the dogs plainly tell the least initiated that the quarry has passed here lately. As suddenly as it began the baying ceases, our hearts sink within us, for the scent is lost.

Pont-y-Ddol, with its quaint double arch, is the next bridge. Here sandwiches and biscuits make their appearance, and right well are they appreciated. A draught of the cool, clear water puts fresh life into all—perhaps not more than the welcome whisper which now reaches us that just before our arrival an otter was seen by those on the bridge stealthily stealing down stream. One gamekeeper, bronzed by many a summer's sun, gravely declares that he is making for the rock a mile below, where in the spring a grizzly brood were reared. Another, envious of the *kudos* this statement arouses, boldly avers that he saw three fighting there in the early dawn. We press on, but not for long before a loud "Tally Ho" announces to the world that the quarry has been seen. Stragglers close up, forgetting their weariness in the excitement of the moment. Now he has sought refuge in a hole in the bank. Old "Chieftain" spots it, and at once the whole pack are around, tearing up the earth in their efforts to dislodge him. "Tally ho!" again, this time a hundred yards below. The old keeper was right—he is making for that hole in the rock, and the pool which is his home. At last we reach it, and every one crowds round. Off he goes again under the water. "Tally ho!" He has taken to the land. The hounds and field rush after him; through the water frantically plunge staid men of the law—bankers and business men, parsons and painters—only to find that grand old "Ralley-Wood" has headed the otter back into the river, but at the expense of that purple stream now trickling down from his grey muzzle. Up and down we go, through and through the river, we are thoroughly wet now, but what care we? "To land," is again the cry. "Didn't you see him spring from that rock and disappear in the water," and "He's nearly done," the knowing ones say. "Tally ho." Just up the stream, and we feel that one last effort for life is being made. There he goes, the water is quite shallow, and we can plainly see him. The hounds are close up, the crowd shouts, the horns blow, and a deafening chorus from the dogs, and there is one otter less in the Elwy. Twenty-one pounds he weighs, his tail, pads, and head are severed, and then we realise fully the origin of the phrase "Gone to the dogs."

W. D. E.



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—"Twelve Songs," by Schumann, are well chosen; they will be appreciated by all admirers of this talented composer. The German words are by Justinus Kerner, translated into English by Lady Macfarren.—Unlike most works written for a special occasion, F. H. Cowen's "Song of Thanksgiving," expressly composed for the opening of the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition, 1888, is worth hearing again and again, both in Australia and in England, and no doubt will meet with its deserts.—A clever setting of the 137th Psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon," for soprano, solo, chorus, and orchestra, by Oliver King, will take a good place in a sacred concert programme, and prove attractive when well executed by a church choir.—The same may be said of a grand choral hymn, "In Constant Order Works the Lord," for soprano, solo, chorus, and orchestra, composed by Carl Maria von Weber, the words carefully adapted from the German by the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck.—"The Red Cross Knight," a dramatic cantata, composed by Ebenezer Prout, has already scored a success. The composer has arranged the accompaniments, from the full score, for harmonium and pianoforte, and thus placed it within the reach of small choral societies, where it will be highly appreciated.—In these days, when part singing is so generally cultivated in even the humblest homes, Novello's octavo editions of vocal quartets, trios, and duets are veritable boons in musical households; at a very trifling cost, a constant variety may be procured at will.—"Novello's Octavo Choruses" have reached to No. 756, which is finale-quartet and chorus, "What Loud Uproar Bursts from that Door," from Barnett's "Ancient Mariner," No. 753 is "Around, Around," a quartet from the above popular cantata. No. 754 is one of Handel's grand choruses, "Oh, Calumny!" (Alexander Balus). No. 755 is the difficult, but effective, "Hallelujah Chorus," from Handel's "Triumph of Time and Truth."—For the singers of that system, "Novello's Tonic Sol-Fa Series" supplies an inexhaustible fund of musical amusement varied from grave to gay, ancient and modern, to suit all tastes; it has arrived at No. 596, which is "Sing We and Chant It," a ballet madrigal, by E. L. de Pearsall.—A very useful and welcome present to a violinist will be Nos. 11 and 12 of "Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Albums" for violin and pianoforte, each number of which contains "Six Sonatas for the Violin," composed by A. Corelli (1653-1713), the pianoforte accompaniment constructed upon the original figured bass, the marks of expression, bowing, and fingering, by Arnold Dolmetsch, who has done his work in a very creditable manner. Nos. 104 to 107 of "Original Compositions for the Organ" are by Albert Renaud; they are respectively: "Scherzo Symphonique," "Marche Solennelle" (from Leavy), "Meditation" (from Nicou-Chorons), and "Andante Religioso" (Nicou-Chorons). All four are well worthy the attention of good organists. No. 108 is an attractive "Toccata" in D minor, by W. G. Wood.—Highly to be recommended with the above are "Soft Voluntaries for the Organ" (Book XI.), by George Calkin.—There is sterling merit in "Rêverie du Lac," for the pianoforte, by Margaret de Pachmann.

CHARLES WOOLHOUSE.—A simple ballad is "No!" written and composed by Gwen and Fred Allyn.—Much solid and improving work will be found in "Sonatina in G Minor," for pianoforte and violin, by J. C. Beazley, and in "Trio for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello," by F. H. de Orellana.—"Gladys," gavotte in F for the pianoforte, by F. A. Broxholm, is a pleasing specimen of its type.

MESSRS. ENOCH AND SONS.—A pathetic song for the drawing-room is "Only a Rose," written and composed by Clifton Bingham and Milton Wellings, published in two keys.—"Vote For Cupid" is a merry song, words by Edith M. Jackson, music by Odoardo Barri; it is very useful for an encore to a grave song.—There is brightness and originality in "Madrigal," music by C. Chamade, French words by Georges Van Ormelingen, translated into English by Clifton Bingham.—"A Child's Garden of Verses" (No. I.) contains twelve easy and tuneful songs for children, the words by R. S. Stevenson, music by Mary Carmichael; this will prove a welcome present to young folks in the schoolroom.—There is much pathos in the words of "The Angel Came," by Clifton Bingham, which Frederic H. Cowen has set to very pleasing music.—Of more than ordinary merit is a sacred song, "Emmanuel," written and composed by Walter Stevens and Paul Rodney; a successful career may be anticipated for this song.—By the above composer is a sentimental love-ditty, "We've Said Goodbye," the words are by Henry Vaughan; it is published in three keys.—"Enoch's Dance Album" is one of the best of the season; it contains ten specimens of dance music by popular composers. Otto Roeder has well arranged two sets of waltzes; the one from a collection of melodies by Jessie Miller, entitled "Sweet Vows," the other on Michael Watson's pleasing song, "All In A Garden Fair." Danceable and tuneful is the "Toreador Waltz," by T. Popplewell Royle. "The Salute" Polka-March by Otto Roeder is very showy; the time is well marked.

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In three tints: Blanche for fair skins, Naturelle for
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Price 1s. By Post, free from observation, 1s. 3d.

Of all Hairdressers and Chemists.

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Absolute cure for Eczema, Erysipelas, Scurf, Sores, Serofula, Rubs, Burns, Redness, and all Diseases of the Skin. Price 2s. 6d., at all Chemists, or post, free.

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Liquid Dentifrice, is a botanical preparation of
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Salutary Antiseptic. Price 2s. Sold everywhere.

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For twenty-two years
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Most effectual, harmless,
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Hair to its original colour.

NUDA VERITAS causes growth on bald spots.

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KROPP
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REAL GERMAN, HOLLOW GROUND

5/6 Ivory Handle

7/6

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